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IN TOUCH

celebrating gay awareness

vol. 1, no. 6

march 1974

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OUR COVER: Kel and Paul deep IN TOUCH in the midst of history. Photo by Bud McGinnis.

This Page: Ronny Howard (page 16), John Rechy (page 22), Ron Casper (page 32), Bob Dziewit (page 38), and Kel Pollock and Paul Strand (page 54).

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keeping *IN TOUCH*

Dear Sir:

I have purchased and read from cover to cover my first copy of IN TOUCH. I can assure you it won't be the last. The magazine is pure quality and at a fair price. It's great. Your discovery for December, Chuck Ballard, is great. His story makes one sure he's as beautiful inside as out. It's a super treat to see a great male body and he's perfect. It's an inspiration to get others in shape. Thanks. The best to you in '74.

Love and Peace,
Rick Allen

Gentlemen:

I recently purchased my first issue of IN TOUCH magazine and I was very impressed. I especially liked your description of the bars and restaurants and

what kind of clientele they cater to. Your IN TOUCH Discovery, Bruce Morgan, is really fantastic. It's a job well done.

Sincerely,
Terry Doremus

Dear Editor:

Recently, I bought Issues Two and Three of IN TOUCH at the Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop on Christopher Street in New York City and was so pleased with the overall quality and charm of the magazine, that I am subscribing. I have read both of my issues from cover to cover, and several of the articles more than once. The artwork, photography and printing are exceptional. You and your obviously competent professional staff are to be highly

praised for a genuine work of literary merit. May the New Year bring you thousands of new subscribers and advertisers.

Sincerely,
Cliff James

Gentlemen:

You have a splendid magazine, the type of which is long overdue. I agree entirely with your editor's reply to "Max" in the December issue. Your aim to present the male in all his beauty and diversity is very refreshing. Please keep to that goal. It's so nice to read a magazine and not be offended by "Wanton ads" or smut. IN TOUCH is above all that, and I hope will remain that way. IN TOUCH is a magazine we can be proud of. Congratulations!

Cordially,
William D. Rau



GALLERY

This issue of our privately printed magazine contains 36 pages of our exclusive model TIGER in all new b/w photos. Available only through COLT. GALLERY #9 ... \$5.00

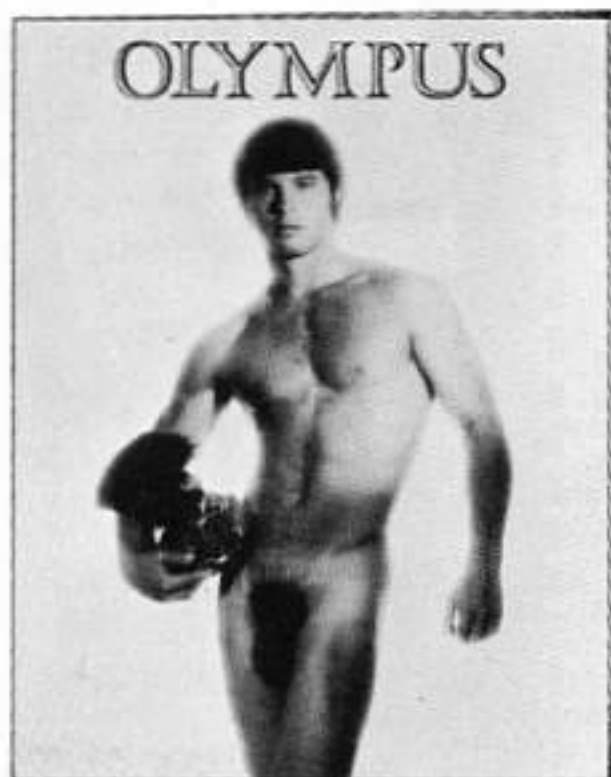
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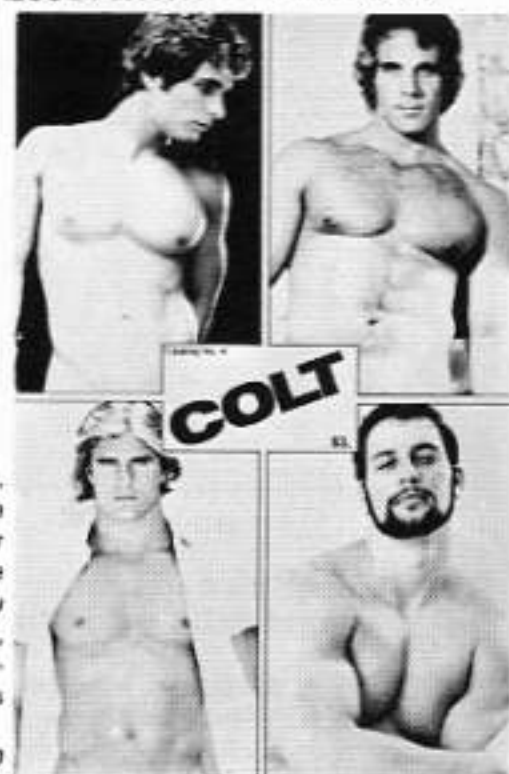
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MANPOWER! #6

The man's magazine. For this issue, we've wrapped up the leather scene (including the cover!). Many new models, much color, the COLT touch. Definitely not the children's hour. MANPOWER! #6 \$6.00



IN TOUCH comments

American Humanists, a prestigious association of socially concerned educators, philosophers, scientists and economists, have issued a challenging document, "HUMANIST MANIFESTO II," which supports sexual freedom.

The Manifesto, signed by an array of American and world intellectual leaders, including "dissident" Soviet physicist Andrei Sakharov, calls for a world outlook with common principles "relevant to the present human condition" . . . a design for a worldwide secular society.

The sex statement is placed prominently under "The Individual":

" . . . We believe that intolerant attitudes, often cultivated by orthodox religions and puritan cultures, unduly repress sexual conduct. . . . While we do not approve of exploitive, denigrating forms of sexual expression, neither do we wish to prohibit, by law or social sanction, sexual behavior among consenting adults. Varieties of sexual exploration should not in themselves be considered 'evil'. Without countenancing mindless permissiveness or unbridled promiscuity, a civilized society should be a tolerant one. Short of harming others . . . individuals should be permitted to express their sexual proclivities and pursue their lifestyles as they desire. We wish to cultivate a responsible attitude toward sexuality, in which humans are not exploited as sexual objects, and in which intimacy, sensitivity, respect, and honesty . . . are encouraged. . . ."

Despite that somewhat prissy tone, it is a significant advance for us. This widely circulated statement has drawn serious editorial response in influential journals, being front-paged in the *New York Times* and the *San Francisco Chronicle* and eliciting heavy editorial response elsewhere (fair in the liberal religious press, though the Knights of Columbus magazine called it a "direct negation of the Ten Commandments").

The term Humanism was first used by 15th Century scholars who turned away from scholastic theology to seek an approach to human concerns via the recovery of Greek and Roman classics. The Gay Humanist Erasmus stood between rampant Catholic and Protestant dogmatists during the Reformation.

More recently, Anglo-American pragmatist philosophers (also some Marxists and a few theologians) applied the term to their faith in man's ability, in a spirit of goodwill and rationalism, to build a better world. The first Humanist Manifesto, in 1933, was an optimistic call to desert traditional salvationism ("diverts people with false hopes of heaven hereafter") and to make a humane commitment to use technology to build an equitable world society.

Nazism, war, corruption of the communist ideal, the Cold War and ecological omens have tempered that earlier simplism. Manifesto II looks with more qualms to science, education, participatory democracy and "one world" government to usher in the millennium.

"Humanity, to survive, requires bold and daring measures," the Manifesto declares. "We need to extend the uses of scientific method, not renounce them, to fuse reason with compassion in order to build constructive social and moral

values. . . . The ultimate goals should be the fulfillment of the potential for growth in each human personality—not for the favored few. . . . Only a shared world and global measures will suffice."

Humanist objections to theism are somewhat tempered in this document, with recognition that political ideologies "also impede human advance . . . especially when they sacrifice individuals on the altar of Utopian promises. . . ." Reason must be tempered with humility, since no group has a monopoly on wisdom and virtue. Nor is there any guarantee that all problems can be solved or all questions answered. . . . "The preciousness and dignity of the individual is a central humanist value. We believe in maximum autonomy consistent with social responsibility. . . ."

Ethics is seen as "autonomous and situational, needing no theological sanction. . . . Happiness and the creative realization of human needs and desires are the continuous themes of humanism . . . to pursue life enrichment despite debasing forces of vulgarization, commercialism," etc.

Signers ranged from philosophers Sidney Hook and Roy Sellars (author of the 1933 Manifesto) to sexologist Lester Kirkendall, psychologists Albert Ellis, B.F. Skinner and H.J. Eysenck, Women's Liberationist Betty Friedan and senior black leader A. Philip Randolph. No identifiable gay leaders were listed. The list is heavy on professors and editors, light on creative writers and artists (exceptions: science fictionist Isaac Asimov and poet John Ciardi).

Novelist Brigid Brophy (whose work often includes gay characters) declined with sympathy, as did Jerome Frank, Horace Kallen and John Hospers (Libertarian Party presidential candidate), Sakharov (like some others) qualified his support, suggesting that the science-vs.-religion debate was passe, and that more emphasis should have gone to the oppressiveness of political ideologies.

This might preferably have mentioned Gays more specifically, since many people do not clearly recognize us behind such broad euphemisms as "all minorities" or "varieties of sexual exploration." The sexual paragraph is fairly explicit, though prudish, but some of us feel that Gayness encompasses more than just sexual behavior.

—JIM KEPNER

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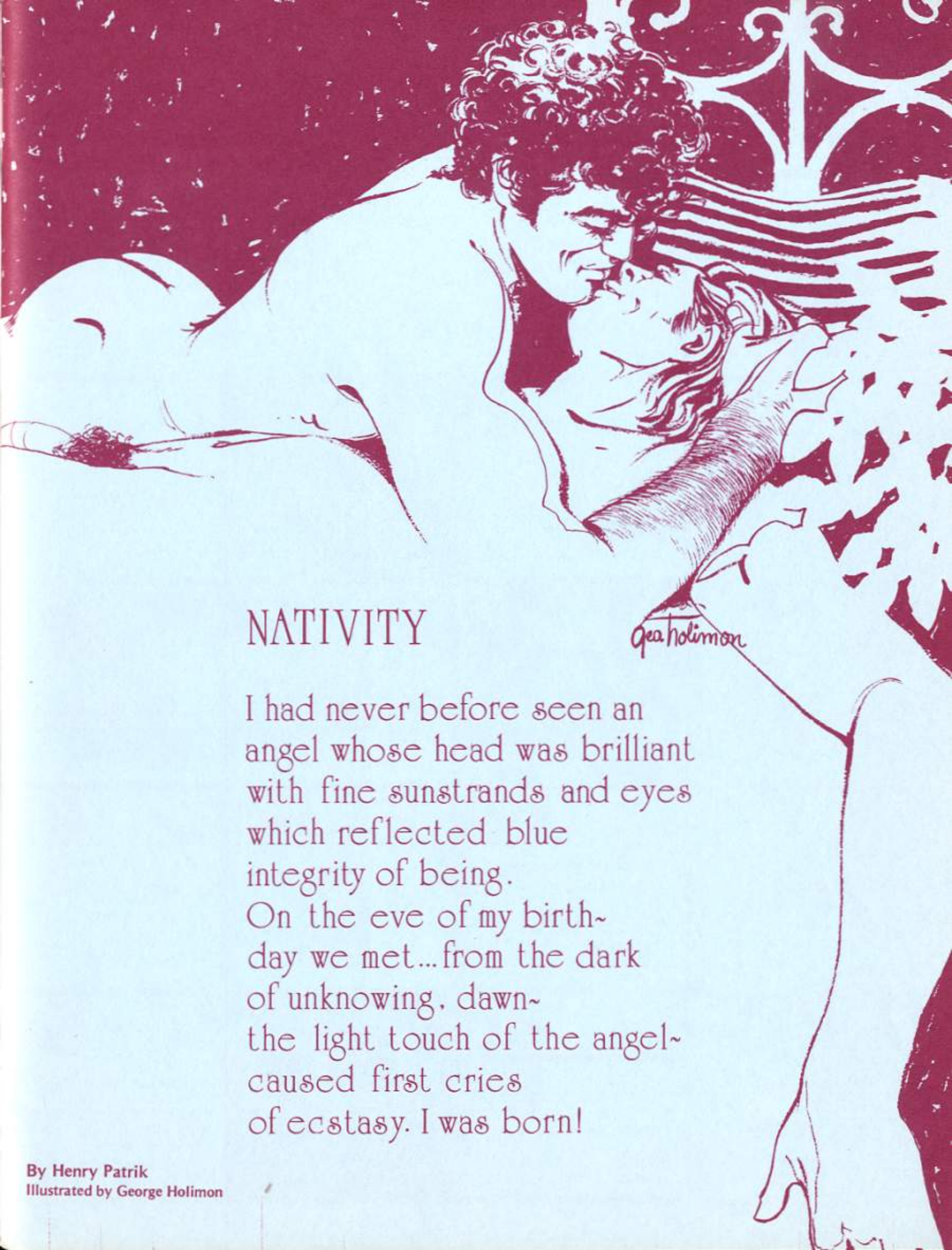
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NATIVITY

I had never before seen an angel whose head was brilliant with fine sunstrands and eyes which reflected blue integrity of being. On the eve of my birthday we met...from the dark of unknowing, dawn~ the light touch of the angel~ caused first cries of ecstasy. I was born!

The CALENDAR

S

M

T

THEATRE
AUCTIONS
BALLS
CONTESTS
TOURS
Galas
SHOWS
MEETINGS

IN TOUCH will be happy to receive listings for our Calendar. To be included, listing must be in our offices not later than 10th of month preceding issue (Sept. 10 for November, Oct. 10 for December, etc.). Please include location, address and time as well as other pertinent material.

3

8:00 p.m.
**CORONATION OF
 EMPEROR AND EMPRESS
 OF ORANGE COUNTY**
 Grand Ballroom
 Disneyland Hotel
 Anaheim

4

8 p.m. each Monday in March
**HOMOSEXUALITY IN
 HISTORY**
 Lectures by Dorr Legg
 ONE, Inc.
 2256 Venice (near Western)

5

10

**MCC RENEWAL
 CONFERENCE**
 11 through 15
 Call 462-6521 for details
 ALL WELCOME

11

7:30 p.m.
Gay Roller Skating Party
 Gay Community Center of
 Orange County
 Harbor Roller Rink
 17th on Superior
 Costa Mesa

12

8 p.m.
SPREE
Amateur Film Contest
 Trouper's Hall
 1625 No. La Brea
 Hollywood

17

6:00 p.m.
FUND-RAISING DINNER
 For
M.A.L.E.
 (Metropolitan Association
 for Legal Education)
 For Information
 Call Donna — 766-5665

18

19

24

3:00 p.m.
ERSKER AWARDS
 Contact
 Dave at Curtain Call
 980-9915

31



26

Claudette Colbert
 opens in
A COMMUNITY OF TWO
 at the
 Shubert Theatre
 2020 Avenue of the Stars
 Century City

for MARCH

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1050 So. Hill

8:30 p.m.
IRMA LA DOUCE
with
Ruta Lee
opens a 4-week engagement
at the
Off-Broadway
314 "F" Street
San Diego



HAMLET
Starring Stacy Keach
opens Center Theater Groups
season tonight at
Mark Taper Forum
135 No. Grand
Los Angeles



8 P.M.
Monthly meeting of **DIGNITY**
Newman Center
4665 Willowbrook
Los Angeles

8:00 P.M.
CLEO LAINE
The phenomenal British singer
returns to Los Angeles in concert
HOLLYWOOD PALLADIUM
Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood



8:30 p.m.
HADRIAN VII
Opened Tuesday Night
For 5 weeks at
Old Globe Theatre
Balboa Park
San Diego

WHERE IT'S AT

BARS **BATHS** *Restaurants* **THEATRES** *Shops*

—DAVED JADE

CRUISE AND SCORE SITES

THE PUB—Tourists, beach boys beautiful, and locals meet every afternoon in well-mixed casual atmosphere. Weekends are county mob scene, very mixed with noticeable absence of leather or ladies. Good jukebox and dancing. 224 Helena, Santa Barbara.

GRIFF'S—Beer bottle bruisers, more serious hunky hornies, more easygoing western and leather have gathered large crowd here to avoid mob scenes elsewhere. Still prime. 5574 Melrose, Hollywood.

BUNKHOUSE—Kicky roundup bunch with jaunty cowboy bartenders. A few retired rodeo stars hold the fort between shifts of popularity. Never can tell when the rodeo is in town. 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, towards Silver Lake from the 1170 in Hollywood.

DETOUR—Music programmed for anticipation adds to tense feeling of expectant leather. Good spot to get jived up for cruisy neighborhood. Just up the street from the **OUTCAST**, should make link-up soon. Weeknights more relaxed. If there ever will be a construction worker bar this will be it. Watch out. Corner Sunset and Santa Monica in Silver Lake at 1087 Manzanita.

FALCON'S LAIR—Western, leather, and followers. Weekend gang swells out into the patio and up onto the game room. Weekdays strictly cruising. 742 N. Highland, Hollywood.

JAGUAR—Going towards neighborhood gathering. Still mixed but a lot less leather, western, and decadence. Weekdays mostly sociable. Sunday conventions still planned. 7511 Santa Monica, Hollywood.

MIRROR ROOM—Very mixed and lively. Wilshire Guys and Gals together, but not a family affair. Weekend crowd extra jovial. Clean, healthy, laughter and liquor. 1600 W. 6th, Los Angeles, Wilshire Center.

CLUB CHATEAU—Speakeasy atmosphere found outside of town, brightly lit with lights on the roof seen from a distance. Extremely cordial hosts and honest friendly crowd. **WEEKENDS**. 16235 Foothill, Fontana.

THE HUB—Mixed crowd converges for one purpose. Busy poolroom waits at end of long corridor bar. 7864 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

THE HAYLOFT—Down in the valley, the valley so low, play a pen full of cowboys with

movies to go. Cowboy playpen designed for good corral cruising goes mixed afterhours. Always a good movie scheduled. 11818 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

TRUCK STOP—T-shirts and tattoos, Levi and sawdust, beer and cruising. Bike conventions on Sundays. Always kicky and jumping weekends. 13257 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

BIG BROTHER—Seaside cowboys and cowgirls accord a lively mosaic with a poolroom temper. 1616 Washington, Venice.

MIKE'S CORRAL—Some of the hunkiest numbers in the Southland have discovered where the rustling is good. Becoming stompin' grounds for hot Levi and leather. Just off the Artesia Frwy. at Cherry, 2020 Artesia Blvd., North Long Beach.

LIL LUCY'S—Social gatherings on weekdays easily transform to young heavy cruising mob on weekends. 1200 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

D.O.K. WEST—Most all the gangs come together for Garden Grove's big scene. Sociable types bump elbows with cruisers. 12889 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

BEE JAYS—Rowdy gang refuses not to have a great time. Everybody welcome, lots of Levi, on the park across from USO and baths. 750 India, San Diego.

SWING—Largest cross-section, cruising for everyone, always busy, come and find your corner. 3175 India, San Diego.

CLUB—Assortment, leather nights, Sunday Brunch bunch swells to early afternoon crush. 2501 Kettner, San Diego.

PADDLE BOARD II—Daytime beach bar, nighttime cruising and socializing, afterhours mobs, dancing and coffee, must score. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

JOE'S—Kicky bar, lots of Levi and leather. Large adjoining game room with plenty of cruising. Early crowd gets mature but never elegant. Late crowd gets raunchy and always ready. 2682 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

NEW LAGOON SALOON—Leather fun bar with great layout for bike club meetings. Huge patio, separate rooms, kitchen, and bar. Some crazy trade still around. 1415 Santa Fe, Long Beach.

TRAFFIC JAM—Humpy bartenders hold the fort for late crowd. Mixed types with some western and some seamen. Bar broken down

to three sections: socializing up front, game play around the pool table, and serious cruising in the back room. 4663 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

GAF—All purpose bar-club for Palm Springs area. Entertainment some nights, crowds for dancing, with time for cruising. 67901 Hwy. 111, Cathedral City.

THE STUD—A kicky fun spot with liquor and leather has become part of the new scene. Handy for freeway fliers, Hollywood Frwy., Vermont off-ramp. On Melrose just west of Vermont. Los Angeles.

GOLIATH'S—Continuous go-go boys, films, tape program, and restless crew have re-engaged the conspiracy to capture you in an excitement game. An experience with one thing in mind. 7011 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood.

THE SEE SAW—Pleasant spot gearing in with leather. Ample bike parking in rear. Just across the street from CBS. Large bar broken up into many corners makes for cruisy layout. 7713 Beverly Blvd., West Hollywood (next door to Crest Motel).

THE WILD SIDE—Los Angeles' Southside now has its own hot spot. Mobs coming in from South Bay as well as South Central. Sure to become a new landmark in the changing L.A. scene. Plenty of local neighborhood spots in area. Soon to add afterhours. 1321 N. La Brea, Inglewood.

MUST SCORE TIME

THE OUTCAST—Early hours heavy leather score, workout Levi score, kinky score. Gangs mix during afterhours, tangling through three-room cruising grounds. Santa Monica Blvd. at Virgil Ave. in Silver Lake.

OUTER LIMITS—The whole town shows up afterhours, crowding chicken out onto the ultraviolet dance floor and filling all empty spaces; Tiffany trade poolroom find harmonious balance. 11918 Garden Grove in Garden Grove.

JERRY'S HOLE—Chicken coop crowd keeps dancing while the afterhours flow fills the hole. Heavy cruising in the patio. 1858 San Diego, San Diego.

TRADESMAN—Raunchy before hours group gives way to more elegant ranch engaged in heavy cruising in double bar with double movie. Entwining throngs. Just off the alley. Melrose at Gardner, West Hollywood.

LARRY'S—Larry must be one of the most popular guys in the gay leather community. His new bar, a clean, barren, slightly posh dungeon is L.A.'s first liquor/leather bar. Hot and heavy cruising, mostly leather with plenty of real bikes. Melrose Avenue near Van Ness, Los Angeles.

EL CAPITAN—Established local fun spot. Almost raunchy atmos houses very friendly and boisterous crowd. Jovial barmaids. Packed on weekends, small weekday crowds. 13825 Hawthorne Blvd., Hawthorne.

MINE SHAFT—New kinky bar, Levi and leather, plenty of cruising. Weeknights get raunchy and mature; weekends cruisy and younger. Sunday buffet draws some seafood. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

MOSTLY ON THE DANCE FLOOR

MUG—Weekend hotspot, good dance floor with young social mobs. Artificial atmos with good music constantly changing moods. 8612 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

AFTER DARK—Disco, D.J. pulls in nightly congestion. Core regiment into fashion but atmos remains relaxed. One ballroom, three bars, dining room, and lookout balcony. Find it on Beverly Blvd., the northeast corner at La Cienega Blvd., in West Hollywood.

GINO'S—Disco dance expands under new patio roof. Traditional chicken continuing to attract larger platoon of very mixed mob, boys and girls into fashion, large group into

funk, street corner pool players, jitterbuggers, must score posse and heavy coffee drinkers. 8452 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood.

BUTCH GARDENS—Very California with gay caballeros prancing among the friendliest casual crowd. Large barroom dance. Decor is bizarre, an assemblage of gargoyled stone walls, red rams' heads breathing fire, mirrors and dancing beams of light. Good cruising and cheerful bartenders for talkers. 3037 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

OIL CAN HARRY'S—The dancers meet here for nightly congregational. Also cruising but mostly conflux. 11502 Ventura, Studio City.

OFFICE—Black light ballroom boogie and orange light corner pinball are both neatly shuffled into a large mirror box. 13817 Ventura, Sherman Oaks.

OUTER LIMITS—Afterhours, Disco, mongrel symposium with elegant air of nostalgia; Valley youths into fashion arrive early. Enter in the rear off Whitsett on the east side before reaching the south corner at Magnolia, in North Hollywood.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE—Fun saloon atmos hosts mobs every night for cruising and dancing. Two bars, separate dance floor; small cartoon theatre. 2523 E. Anaheim, Wilmington.

VICTOR HUGO'S—Show spot with separate dance floor and bar. Good weekend crowd, crowded most nights after show. Cover. 750 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

OUTRIGGER—Hybrid tribe into dancing, beachbar weekdays, nightly crowds intertwine parties, mobs on Sunday from all over town. 844 W. Mission, Mission Bay, San Diego.

DIABLO'S—Intersexual mix, mostly girls' bar with large reinforcements of boys and straights. Everybody dancing. Large adjoining bar and game room. 2533 El Cajon, San Diego.

GOLIATH—The continuing experiment redefines Goliath's once more. Pornographic go-go dancers are played with a disc jockey for an 18 and over crowd that changes complexions but remains loyal to the concept of mob. 7011 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood.

ALSO DANCE FLOOR

HANDLEBAR—Rudy is waiting to take care of you. Fun dancing, sociable liquor bar, and cozy grill in back. One of the friendliest spots in Hollywood. 5925 Franklin Ave.

RIVER CLUB—Two bars, one comfortable bar with nice leaners-on watching small floor filled with graceful dancers, also a corner bar near the pool table where the boys are supposed to hang out. 3152 Riverside Dr., in North Silver Lake.

RENDEZVOUS LOUNGE—Small crowd for dancing, dark and cruisy corners, and neighborhood social bar as well. 7746 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

BRASSRAIL—Backbar has moved up front to consolidate cruising grounds; a safer bet than

HAND IN HAND FILMS PRESENTS -

PHOTO: TOW HINCKLEY



JACK DEVEAU'S

DRIVE

...ABOUT FIFTY VERY COMPULSIVE MEN

WORLD PREMIERE SOON - N.Y. CITY

X-RATED/COLOR/ALL MALE CAST

A HAND IN HAND FILMS PRODUCTION.

THE PRODUCERS OF "LEFT HANDED" & "THE EROTIC FILMS OF PETER de ROME"

"If you see one sex movie make sure it's 'THE EROTIC FILMS OF PETER de ROME'"

ANDY WARHOL'S

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PADDLE BOARD II—Services large South Bay Area for cruising, socializing, dancing, and afterhours must-score. Weekend hordes. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

THE CLUB HOUSE—Warm atmosphere created by gentle blend of various types of local people. Coziness of being almost private and the friendliness of being open to visitors. Also a team from Cal Tech adds party atmos. 1936 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

HOP HOUSE—Growing accommodations soon to include dance floor for already jumping group. Cheerful renaissance management. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego.

THE AIRPORT—Quiet dance floor convenient for locals that might feel romantic urge to foxtrot or rhumba. Warm spot for cold winter nights. 3626 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

GLASS ONION—Beer and wine lounge, good dance floor, sometimes shows, great buffet on Wednesday, weekend rush at 19723 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills.

ENTERTAINMENT AND SUCH

LLOYD—Sandra Alexander sings soul into

your unholy flesh, also pick up the children by the toes and throws them out on the dance floor. Mixed intersexual dancing and other minglings. 739 N. La Brea, Hollywood.

BLA BLA CAFE—Coffeehouse atmos with plenty of good acts. Great for insomniacs, music lovers, parties, and lots of love. Famous for afterhours breakfast. 11059 Ventura, Studio City.

C'EST LA VIE—Thick with atmosphere, comfortable lounge with female impersonators engaged in pantomime of a 1940's Pearl Harbor floor show. International numbers prevail. Tourist spot. 11920 Ventura, Studio City.

CAESAR'S—Quality live acts, impersonators and comics. Reservations suggested. 12179½ Ventura, Studio City.

REDWOOD ROOM—Female impersonators in established showbar. Sometimes the best show in town and then again . . . 3371 W. 8th, Wilshire District, Los Angeles.

TOY TIGER—Large lounge with great piano bar. Blake Hudson at the grand creating happy singalong of old favorites and current show tunes. Nightly mobs. 2538 Hyperion, Silver Lake.

PIER XII—Weekend comic skits for campy fun, just off the beach, very mixed clientele. 2722 Main St., Santa Monica.

MARY'S CELEBRITY HOUSE—Gina at the

piano spellbinds all the young men downstairs with her blue-eyed soul. Upstairs has majestic ocean view dining. 5101 E. Ocean, Long Beach.

VICTOR HUGO'S—Part of the entertainment complex includes a showroom for a variety of entertainment. Call for program. 730 E. Broadway, Long Beach. (213) 433-0331.

SHOW BIZ—Manager-director Clint Johnson lives and breathes to entertain you. His **TURNABOUTS** is the best show going anywhere. Live singing, impersonation, burlesque skits, and pantomimes are all put through the limits of spectacle on a small stage. 1421 University, San Diego.

QUEEN MARY—Fun crowds always. Female impersonators; comic skits, live and pantomime; amateur nights. The showroom now has a name—The King's Den. 12449 Ventura, Studio City.

MARY'S HANG UP—Very mixed bar, always one scene or another happening here. Weekends have a unique drag show. Catch the Dimpled Darlings, 714 Garnet, Pacific Beach, San Diego.

SUNSETEAST SHOWBAR—Yes, there is a drag show and yes, it is good. But there is much more. A local neighborhood spot that gets raucous proving that Silver Lake has her own brand of alley cats. Some trade but mostly just fun-loving ruffians. Jeff aims to please everybody, keeping his cozy little joint jumping. Across street from Detour. 4007 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, L.A.

SHIP 'N SHORE—Behind Captain Dick's on Crenshaw you can find a spot for good people, friendly people, happy people, people you thought had vanished from the face of the jaded planet. Entertainment every weekend includes specialty acts like hypnotists that "like to hypnotize gay boys" and comedy teams. Join me there. 5215 S. Crenshaw, Hawthorne.

THE OXWOOD INN—All girl combo adds spicy life to very, very mellow rendezvous spot. Still taking shape, promises to be more than neighborhood spot. 13713 Oxnard, Van Nuys.

TROJAN SHIELD—If you've seen one tacky showbar you haven't seen them all. If you only see one more tacky showbar it might as well be this spot. The show has talent and the facilities, as usual, don't do them justice. Support your local drag show. 15122 Beach Blvd., Midway City.

BARBARY COAST—San Diego has a peculiar flight pattern and all commercial aircraft fly in between the buildings downtown and over the Barbary Coast. So how can there be a show under such conditions. The fine entertainers that are being brought in might be asking the same thing. Large dance floor holds good weekend crowd. Dance and look up at the roaring silver bellies plopping into the airport.

THE NEW GASLIGHT—Posh atmosphere keeps vigil over elegant connoisseurs of alley



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COMING CLEAN

HYPERION BATHS—Clean, adequate facilities, friendly attendants, educated clientele. Daytime bath, especially fun on Wednesday afternoon and other early evenings. 2114 N. Hyperion, Silver Lake, L.A.

CYPRESS BATHS—Busy South Pasadena spot open to the public with 22 rooms and upstairs. Steam and sauna. Nice attendants, weekend crowds. 3241 N. Figueroa, South Pasadena—Mt. Washington.

SERPENT 8 CLUB—Private club. Clean, responsible institution. Large growing crowd each night. Gym, Sauna, Color TV, 25 rooms. 4109 Burbank Blvd., No. Hollywood.

YMAC—Young Men's Athletic Club, a small club for members and guests, good facilities, private rooms and large bunkhouse upstairs. Hunky types abound. 7661 Melrose, West Hollywood.

3rd STREET ATHLETIC CLUB—Private club with nice facilities. Young, healthy, and lively members and quiet, private rooms. 8709 W. 3rd St., West Hollywood.

ORLANDO BATHS—Small, private club with real Finnish Rock Steam. Mature but experienced and wholesome members. Wednesday night is buddy night. Closed at 1 AM. 309 S. Orlando, West Hollywood.

MELROSE SOCIAL CLUB — Private bath, guests welcome. Usually active but not too busy. Mature crowd. 7269 Melrose, West Hollywood.

CYPRESS BATHS—Formerly Gemini Baths. Small and private for early evening get together. 5291 Fountain, Hollywood.

TURKISH BATHS—Mature crowd turns lively and mixed afterhours weekends. Private rooms usually filled and hallways light for cruising. Good rendezvous spot. 5524 Santa Monica, Hollywood.

MID-TOWNE BATHS—The best facilities to be found, includes three floors of private rooms, swimming pool indoors, jacuzzi, two steam rooms, lounges, game room, television room, and restaurant. Cleanest facilities and best accommodations. Large membership and many Saturday night guests. 24 hours. 615 S. Kohler, Downtown Los Angeles.

DESERT DUDES — Private secluded residence, heated pool, sauna, B.B.Q., waterbeds poolside, recreational facilities unlimited. Bruce and Ken will show you a wonderful time and make arrangements to your specifications. The ultimate in quiet secluded privacy in the desert air with full panorama of mature singing the praises of life about you at all times. They are still growing and planning to move camp in March. Meanwhile visit them at 68-340 Terrace Rd., Palm Springs (92262). Write or phone for reservations and any special pre-arrangements 1-(714)-328-8718.

GLEN'S—Turkish baths around the clock. Mobs caravan only on weekends. Established. 4550 Brooklyn, East Los Angeles.

CORRAL CLUB—Many corridors, many rooms, all sizes and shapes for all trips. Good services and accommodations. Always crowded, always variety; heavy young. 3747 Cahuenga, Studio City.

AMERICAN CONTINENTAL BATH—Convenient North Hollywood bath with plenty of private rooms and a very interesting series of interconnected bunkrooms. Friendly attendants and open membership. 5729 Cahuenga, North Hollywood.

HOLIDAY BATHS—Decent setup, good service; open around the clock. Mixed respectable crowd. 14435 Victory, Van Nuys.

WELLINGTON CLUB—Around the clock crowd, mostly young with a lot of humpy numbers. Nice facilities with outdoor heated pool and patio. 1202 E. Anaheim, Wilmington.

ATLAS BATHS—Small, lively downtown bath with raunchy types. Across from Bee Jays and USO. 743 Columbia, Downtown San Diego.

GLEN'S TURKISH BATHS — Downtown mixed crowd makes for an exciting adventure. Good accommodations as well. 867 4th, Downtown San Diego.

DAVE'S—Always busy with weekend crush

scene. Clean and modern. Established. 4969 Santa Monica, Ocean Beach, San Diego.

GLEN'S—Not private, open 24 hours, steam room, sauna, color TV, poolroom, private rooms, friendly crowds, just off Ventura Frwy. 4653 Lankershim, No. Hollywood.

YORK BATHS—Very private affairs are over fast and roam around corridors filled with shameless lovers and recreant employees. 5013 York, Highland Park, L.A.

AQUARIUS—Small steam room, showers, TV room, private rooms. Heavy city. Fast score corridors. Interesting parties. Educated clientele. 4504 Eagle Rock, Eagle Rock, L.A.

LEVI CLUB—Extremely accommodating personnel will take care of your ditty bag and other locker needs, right away, and send you into the hordes of swarming bodies that make up the clientele of this frolic spot. Just fifteen minutes from Hollywood, off the San Bernardino Frwy. During off-ramp construction call (213) 686-1851 for loving guidance. They're at 10715 Garvey in El Monte.

OIL CAN HARRY'S—Plenty of action here when everywhere else is out of season. Fine facilities for finer people, dancing in the aisles from scene to scene, a variety to choose from. 68999 Broadway, Cathedral City, for the Palm Springs area.

PALACE BATHS—This relic can be said to have a certain charm, a mystique of raunchy,

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dilapidated institution. Quiet all year-round, it must be there for someone. 132 E. 4th St., Downtown L.A.

SPARTAN SPA—APOLOGIES: This discreet private club is not and should not be considered to be R.I.P. It is still alive and well but choosing to remain private. Open weekends until midnight. Closed weekdays due to the energy crisis. 5613 Hollywood Blvd.

ALLEY CATS CORNER

ODYSSEY—Sex on the skids stays healthier near the beach. 221 State St., Santa Barbara.

SPOTLIGHT—Selma Avenue rest stop mixes it up with golden Cadillacs and neighborhood alley cats. Always a party. Cruising pays off. 1621 Cahuenga, Downtown Hollywood.

ALDO'S—Just off the alley. Plenty of talk and drink and food. Sunday brunch makes good bait. Trade makes calls. Drags welcome when ladylike. Bartenders are the friendliest. 6413 Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

HOUSE OF IVY—Dance floor for mixed rabble, friendly trade on break. Perennial spot with ever-hanging environment. 1640 N. Las Palmas, Downtown Hollywood.

THE ALLEY—Bold Venture at the Alley is a sometimes busy place and tourist rest stop, usually trade. 6357 Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

CHIEF CRAZY HORSE SALOON—Bizarre atmos has become home for trade gone gay. Good spot to find a wrestling partner. Hollywood and Vine, in the heart of Hollywood.

MY HOUSE—Neighborhood alley cats come together for lots of laughter and elbow bending. 1626 N. Cahuenga, Downtown Hollywood.

LEMON TWIST LOUNGE—Clean and comfortable with well-behaved clientele usually. Will score. Worthwhile. 6434 Yucca, Downtown Hollywood.

J.B.'s—Cozy spot for alley cats to get to know each other. 6365 Yucca, Downtown Hollywood.

THE CELLAR—Strictly trade. Bath upstairs. On Santa Monica west of Western, Hollywood.

MARIO'S—Trade, Latins, Oakies, limp-wrist veterans, and closet queens move about the pool table or clutch glasses in corners. Santa Monica Blvd. just east of Western, Hollywood.

HAROLD'S—Cuspidor and linoleum atmosphere hosts mixing of traveling trade, respectable gentlemen, questionable ladies, approachable lost souls and liquor. 555 S. Main, Downtown L.A.

THE WALDORF—Spittoon and concrete atmosphere plays host to heavy traffic mix of Main Street locals, trade, servicemen, Latins, and other fiery types. 527 S. Main, Downtown L.A.

THE CROWN JEWEL—Downtown locals, traveling trade, California caballeros, and

tourists blend in mellow scene. Good pool. 754 S. Olive, Downtown L.A.

CIRCLE BAR—City gentlemen play host to country boys. 324 W. 5th, Downtown L.A.

THE HAVEN—City street locals find agreeably comfortable shelter and amazingly accommodating trade at pool table. Broadway at Long Beach Blvd., Downtown Long Beach.

BRADLEY'S—On Horton Plaza, this huge barroom opens back its doors to heavy downtown traffic of tradesmen, servicemen, gentlemen and trade. 303 Broadway, Downtown San Diego.

BRASS RAIL—After a long absence, the new rebuilt, super model, has proven worth the wait. Luxury expressly for downtown. 3802 5th St. Downtown San Diego. Downtown San Diego. Check it out.

CORNER POCKET—Lots of pool paces out the cruising style of trade studs. Sometimes rowdy crowd kept in toe by the seriousness of the cruising rituals. Lacks the zest added by the psychedelic rabble of years gone by but much better for scoring. 8800 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood.

MUSTER INN—Pretty gypsy boy bartenders and a few rugged types are carefully watched over by local neighborhood cracker Gays. Strange. Otherwise jazzy neighborhood, this hovel echoes rare country rock and rouge. Lots of atmosphere undefined. 2222 E. Anaheim, Long Beach.

ROMAN IV—Heavy downtown traffic with plenty of room to roam. Pool tables have own side of the bar and the rituals are set but fast. Easy to score, servicemen, tradesmen, gentlemen, and trade seem in good accord. Fun location. 14 Elm St., Long Beach.

ONION TOO—Constant mixing traffic, trade, drag, hustle, chicks, butch, fems, and assorted other alley cats. Pool, dancing, loud talk, and funky fun. Afterhours alley cat mob scene. Lively. Alley cat stomp. 1540 N. Cahuenga, Hollywood.

THE COVEN—Union hall crowd restless in angry atmosphere. Seldom crowded, always open. 6907 Santa Fe, Huntington Park.

THE GALLEY—Very mixed, trade, hags, chicks, and lovelies nestle round busy pool table in small bar. Sometimes straight group prevails but bartenders friendly to all. On Gower just north of Sunset, Hollywood.

DINING IN THE RAW

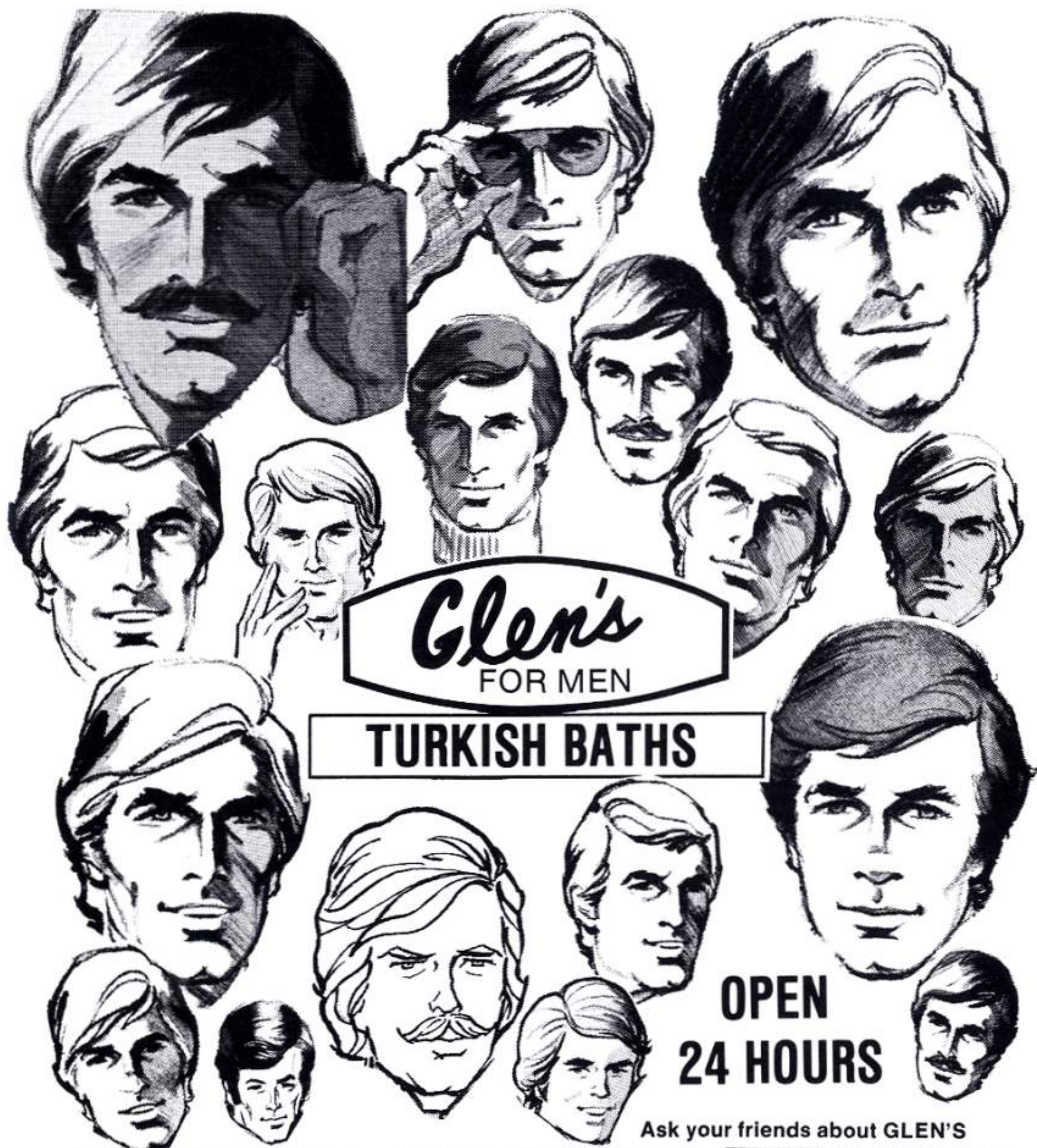
AU PETIT JOINT

This tiny dining room is mobbed so reservations are definitely in order; call 656-9234. Funky atmosphere and groovy waiters augment interesting menu. Medium price is \$5.25. 7953 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. Closed Sundays.

BLA BLA CAFE

Funky decor is setting for best folk/rock/comic entertainment in town. Offbeat menu features justifiably famous omelets and spe-

Continued on Page 73



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RONNY HOWARD

Ronny Howard, that fabulous star of the current smash hit movie, *American Graffiti*, looks all of fifteen years old off the screen. He's really nineteen, born March 1, 1954, in Duncan, Oklahoma. He has a shock of blond hair, a smile that lights up the whole room, and a history of great success in everything he has ever touched. He is totally modest about his work and keeps referring to himself as just a kid who lives in Burbank. His whole family is show business from his dad, Rance, to his brother, Clint (he worked with both in Walt Disney's *Wild Country*) to his mom, Jean, who is now retired. It all began at the ripe old age of four when his father got him the role of E.G. Marshall and Anne Jackson's son in *The Journey*. He went to Vienna to make it and got his first taste of acting in front of the movie cameras. Upon his return, his father signed him to agent Marguerite Ogg and his career really took off. He did the "Red Skelton Show," a "Playhouse 90" and 25 others the very first season; 5 "Dennis the Menace's" and 5 "Dobie Gillis" plus a "Twilight Zone." The following year he was offered a pilot for his first television series: "Barnaby and Mr. O'Malley." Ronny was to play Barnaby to Bert Lahr's Mr. O'Malley. Producer Sheldon Leonard was searching for a boy to do the "Andy Griffith Show" at this time and he didn't think "Barnaby and Mr. O'Malley" would sell. So he offered Miss Ogg a second option on Ronny. It didn't and Master Howard went into the "Andy Griffith Show" for eight long years. This led to the biggest break of his career. At the age of seven he landed the coveted role of the kid in Meredith Willson's *The Music Man*. Every stage mother in Hollywood wanted that part for her son and the producers actually went after Eddie Hodges who had played it on the New York stage. They found, to their surprise, that Eddie was now thirteen and had grown too big for the part. So it went to Ronny who darned near stole the picture away from Robert Preston. He never wants to make personal appearances again with any of his future films because the experience proved a nightmare.

"Everybody wants to get to you at once and they rush you everywhere. You never have a moment to yourself. Everybody keeps asking you all kinds of questions and you don't get a chance to answer any of them. Everybody wants a little piece of you and

you wind up looking your worst. I like talking to people. I really enjoy it but you never get to know anyone that way and nobody gets to know you. I never thought I'd get *Music Man* because I can't sing. But they wanted a little kid who sounded bad and I sure obliged them."

"Do you ever get a big head around your friends since becoming a movie star?"

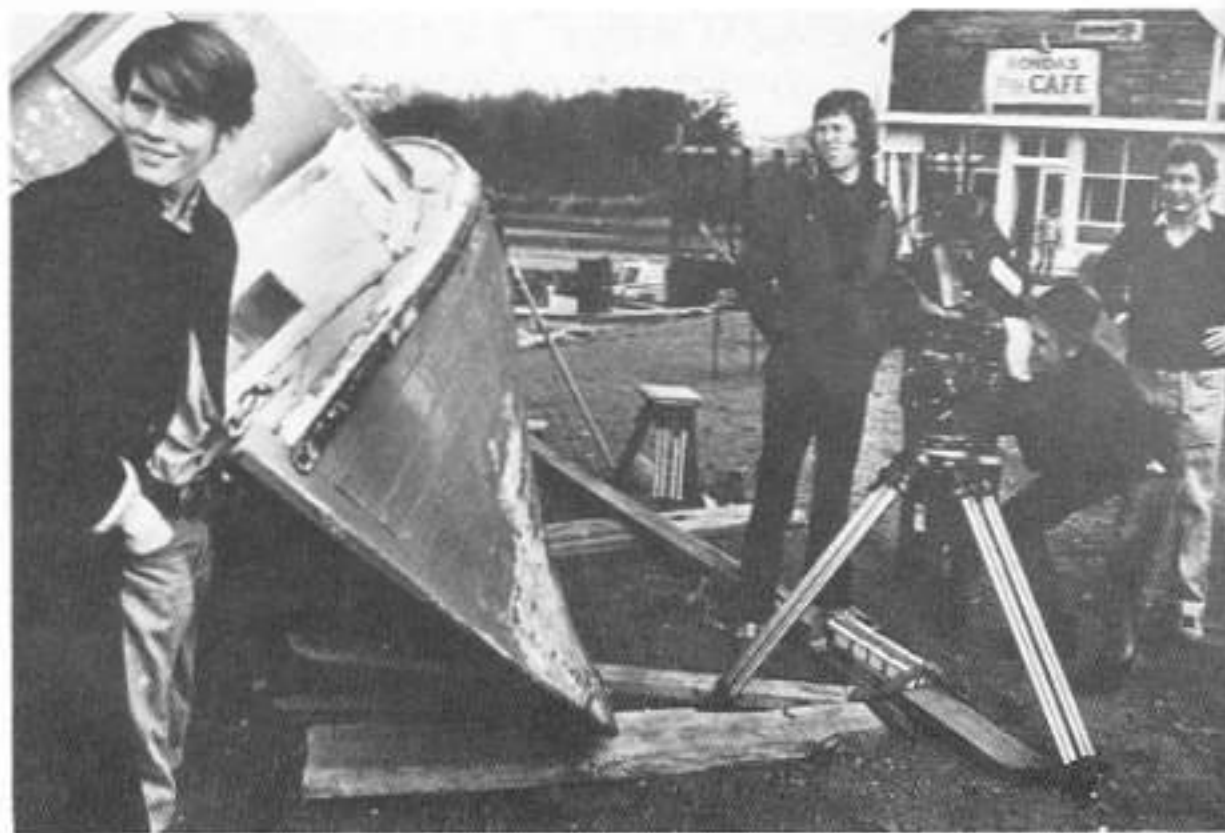
"No. They all take me for granted. You see, I've always lived in Burbank and I've always gone to one school system. I play a lot of sports like baseball and, as I grew older, basketball. Sometimes I'd be a little late to a game because I had to work longer and they'd all say: 'Aw man, why'd ya have to do that stuff for?'"

"So I never got to feel too important. Hopefully, I'll always keep things in perspective. The whole thing is just a job anyway."

"Do you remember any of your early interviews?"

"When I did 'The Courtship of Eddie's Father', Hedda Hopper interviewed me. She wore a wild hat and I remember that. But I'm getting ahead of myself. The 'Andy Griffith Show' came to an end after eight years, at the height of its popularity, because Andy wanted to go to Universal and make movies. He got his wish but none of them were very lucky for him. When he returned to television years later in 'The Headmaster', he asked for me but that show didn't make it with the public and it went off the air. I did two 'Wonderful Worlds of Disney' after that and, at the age of 15½, I did a feature, *The Wild Country*. I played the son of Steve Forrest and Vera Miles and it was one of my most enjoyable experiences. My dad was in it and so was my brother, Clint. We tried to get my mom in it too but she said: 'No, I'm retired now.'

"We located in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and I got to work with a bear. It was fantastic! The director, Robert Totten, was great. He understands filmmaking and I don't believe I've ever worked with anybody who's helped me more than he did. At John Burroughs High I tried out for the varsity basketball team but I wasn't big enough so I made the B's. It meant an awful lot to me to practice and play the school games and I began to turn down TV parts that were being offered to me. When the season was over, I didn't work again for nine long months and I sud-



A HOWARD PICTORIAL CHRONOLOGY

A 4-year-old makes his screen debut in *THE JOURNEY* (top left). At age 6, Ronny appeared in the film version of *THE MUSIC MAN* (top center). One year later and Ronny was busier than ever appearing with Stella Stevens and Glenn Ford in *THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER* (top right) at the movies and with Andy Griffith on his TV show (middle

left). *THE WILD COUNTRY* for Walt Disney featured Ronny (15) as well as his brother Clint (middle center). Sixteen found Ronny back on TV with Henry Fonda, Janet Blair, Dorilean Parr and Michael James Wixted in *THE SMITH FAMILY* (middle right). The big movie of 1973, *AMERICAN GRAFFITI*, put the spotlight on Ronny seen here with Candy Williams (Universal—bottom left). Ronny, at 18, during the film-



ing of *HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY—LOVE GEORGE* (retitled *RUN STRANGER RUN* and due for re-release) with Darren McGavin behind the camera (bottom right). Charley Smith, Lee Marvin, Gary Grimes and Ronny in Spain for the filming of *HARRY SPIKES* (page 19, left).



Ronny as featured in *THE MIGRANTS* recently seen on Playhouse 90 (center). 19 years old and now Ron, Mr. Howard is featured in the new TV series with Anson Williams, *HAPPY DAYS* (right). (Unless noted, the photographs on these two pages are from Ron's personal collection.)



denly realized how important acting was to me. 'The Headmaster' TV show I told you about came along and was canceled. Finally, I landed 'The Smith Family' with Henry Fonda and it kept me working for the next two years. On my 18th birthday George Lucas cast me in *American Graffiti* and we locationed on the streets of Petaluma, just north of San Francisco, for 28 days. The police cordoned off a couple of blocks and we drove those hot rods around them from 6 AM to 6 PM with the lowest amount of light ever used in a major film. All the characters in the picture were drawn from the director's high school days. I've never drag raced or hot rodded and I hear it's coming back. But it was never in vogue in Burbank even though Burbank is a kid-oriented town. Cindy Williams was my girl friend in the picture. I would never want to attach myself to an actress in my own life. They're always thinking about their careers and nothing comes before that with them. I was a little nervous about Cindy. She was six years older than me and, when I looked at the script, I found I had to do some kissing scenes with her. I had never done much kissing before and I felt I needed some practice. So I looked up this girl, Cheryl, I know and I practiced on her. I guess the scenes worked out OK with Cindy because, later, a 'Playhouse 90' cast us opposite each other again."

I interrupted.

"There was a scene in *American Graffiti* where a guy drops his pants and sticks his bare behind out a car window. Would you have done that?"

Ronny grinned.

"No. A lot of people have approached me to do nudes. My answer is always 'Why?' "

"What came next?"

"My first flop. I can't figure it out because I

thought the script was so good. I wouldn't have done it otherwise. Darren McGavin directed. Patricia Neal, Cloris Leachman and Bobby Darin were in it. It was called *Happy Mother's Day—Love, George*. I played a boy who wanders into town trying to locate his parents. The picture opened to bad reviews and no business and I felt awful about it. To make matters worse, Miss Ogg suddenly passed away. It was the end of our thirteen years together. I decided to register at a good college and earn a Bachelor's degree in Cinema. I wanted to study the history of the movies. I couldn't decide where to go until I saw *The Resurrection of Bronco Billy* and the decision was made for me. This marvelous short film was created by John Longenecker, a student at USC. I enrolled in Arthur Knight's seminar there and Dave Johnson's classes in Film Editing. Mr. Johnson taught George Lucas, my *Graffiti* director. Since I've been at USC I've completed two short subjects."

"Tell IN TOUCH readers about them."

"They're in color. I financed, wrote, directed and edited them. The first is a story about a shy, introverted musician in high school. This was before *Jeremy* came out. This girl wants this guy to help her with her geometry. They go to a park to study only she doesn't work on her geometry at all. She starts kissing him. Then she tears his shirt off and yells: 'I did it! I did it!' And she explains: 'I'm sorry about this but it was all for my sorority initiation.' "

"What? She doesn't tear his pants off?"

Ronny laughed.

"No. Just the shirt. You see, I wanted a GP rating."

"I don't think I would have stopped with just the shirt but let's hear about the other one."

"It's from an Ambrose Bierce short story called

'The Horseman in the Sky'. It's about the Civil War. A young guy from the South, a Confederate soldier, joins the Yankees and is forced into a situation in which he must shoot his own father. You see, when he decided to be a traitor, his father told him: 'Whatever may occur, always do what you perceive to be your duty.'

"It's twelve minutes long and I cast Robbie Weaver in the part. Robbie is twenty, a terrific actor, and the son of Dennis Weaver. Here is an interesting thing. Dennis introduced my father to my mother twenty-six years ago at Oklahoma State University."

"Has your professional career been sidelined while you played the role of a college student?"

"Oh no. I just finished a feature, a short picture where I advise actors on acting, a 'Playhouse 90' and a television series. Walter Mirisch sent me to Madrid and Almeria, Spain, to make *Harry Spikes* with Lee Marvin. The story is supposed to take place in Arizona but I guess it was cheaper to make it in Spain."

"Who's in it?"

"Charles Martin Smith and Gary Grimes. We play three farmboys who come across Lee Marvin all shot up in the woods. He had just attempted to rob a bank. Gary lets Lee take his father's horse as kind of a getaway car. His dad, played by Marc Smith, finds out about it and beats him."

"I bet he was well padded."

"No. Richard Fleischer, our director, had him use a light, plastic belt that looks like leather. After the beating, we all decide to run away together. We're broke and hungry and we have a terrible time on the road. We come to a town and try to rob a bank. Only we don't know the first thing about how to do it. We're none of us professionals. Just amateurs and we accidentally shoot a state senator. We all panic and light out across the Mexican border. We're hungrier than ever by this time so Gary pawns his grandfather's watch. He gets second thoughts about this and, the following night, he smashes the pawnshop window and steals it back. Of course we get caught and, as luck would have it, Lee Marvin happens along to bail us out. He decides to teach us how to be classy bank robbers. Through his excellent training, we all wind up getting killed."

"Did you get to the Prado while you were over there?"

"Sure. We were on location for nine weeks. I went with Charlie and thought the Goyas were fantastic but he preferred El Greco."

"Will the picture be a smash hit?"

Ronny mused.

"We'll have to wait and see."

"What about this film in which you advise actors?"

"It's called *An Actor's Journey into Celluloid* and

there are other actors who give advice in it too. People like Helen Hayes and Henry Fonda. I did it as a favor to Tim Barr because I thought it was going to be shown in classrooms. I didn't think it would be exhibited in theatres. It's really a kind of teaching film."

"When does the 'Playhouse 90' air?"

"February 3rd over CBS. It's called 'The Migrants' and I think it's the best thing I've ever done. I play a migrant farm worker similar to the part Henry Fonda played in John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. I'm from the Deep South, really impoverished, with a lot of family responsibilities. I keep trying to escape from the terrible rut I'm in. It's a fantastic part because it's so well written. *The Grapes of Wrath* is my favorite all-time picture."

"Are you nervous before tackling a new role?"

"Before I do a scene I always get nervous. It shakes me up a little bit. Everything new does."

"What are your goals?"

"My main goal, career-wise, is to direct for movies. I wouldn't want to direct for television. They force you to work too fast. Television, as it stands, is not a director's medium. It's a producer's medium. If I want to direct, I want to direct in the best possible medium."

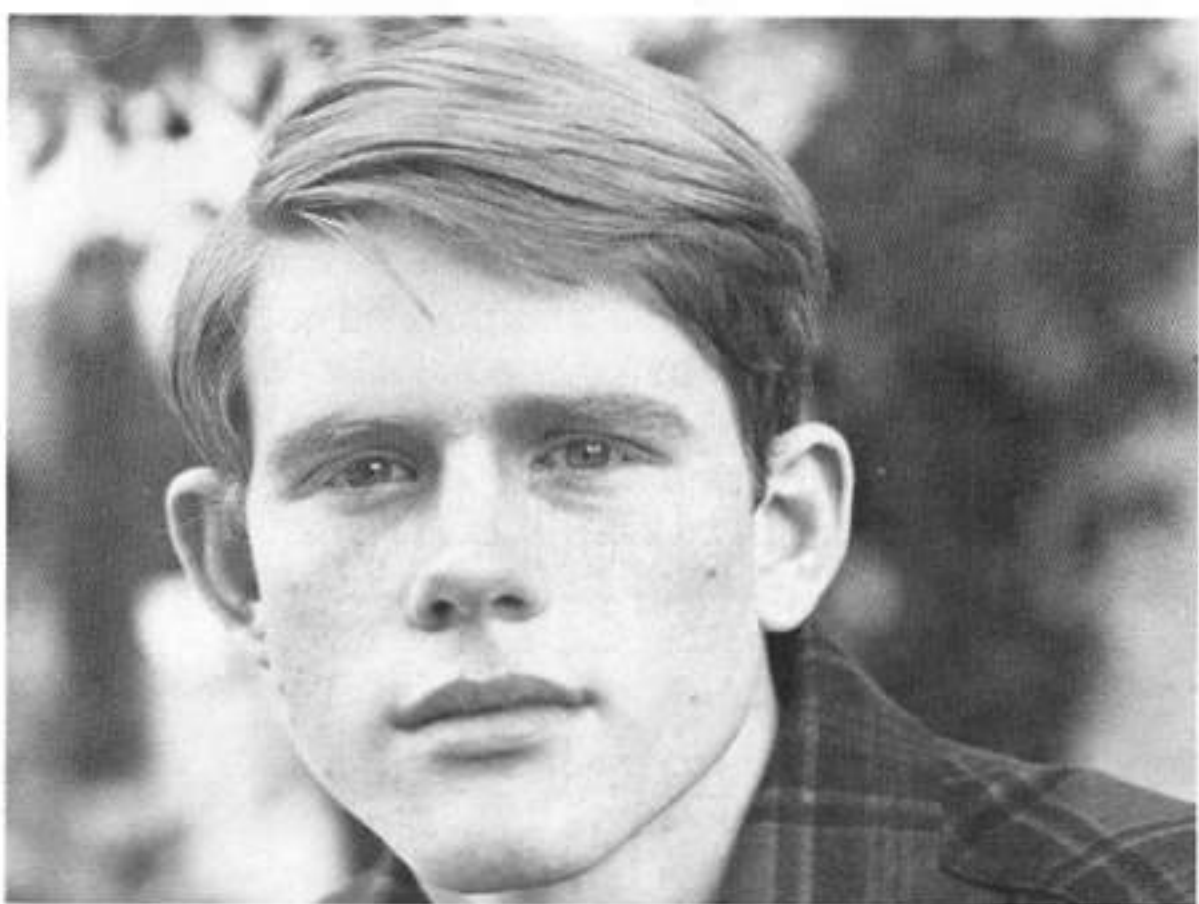
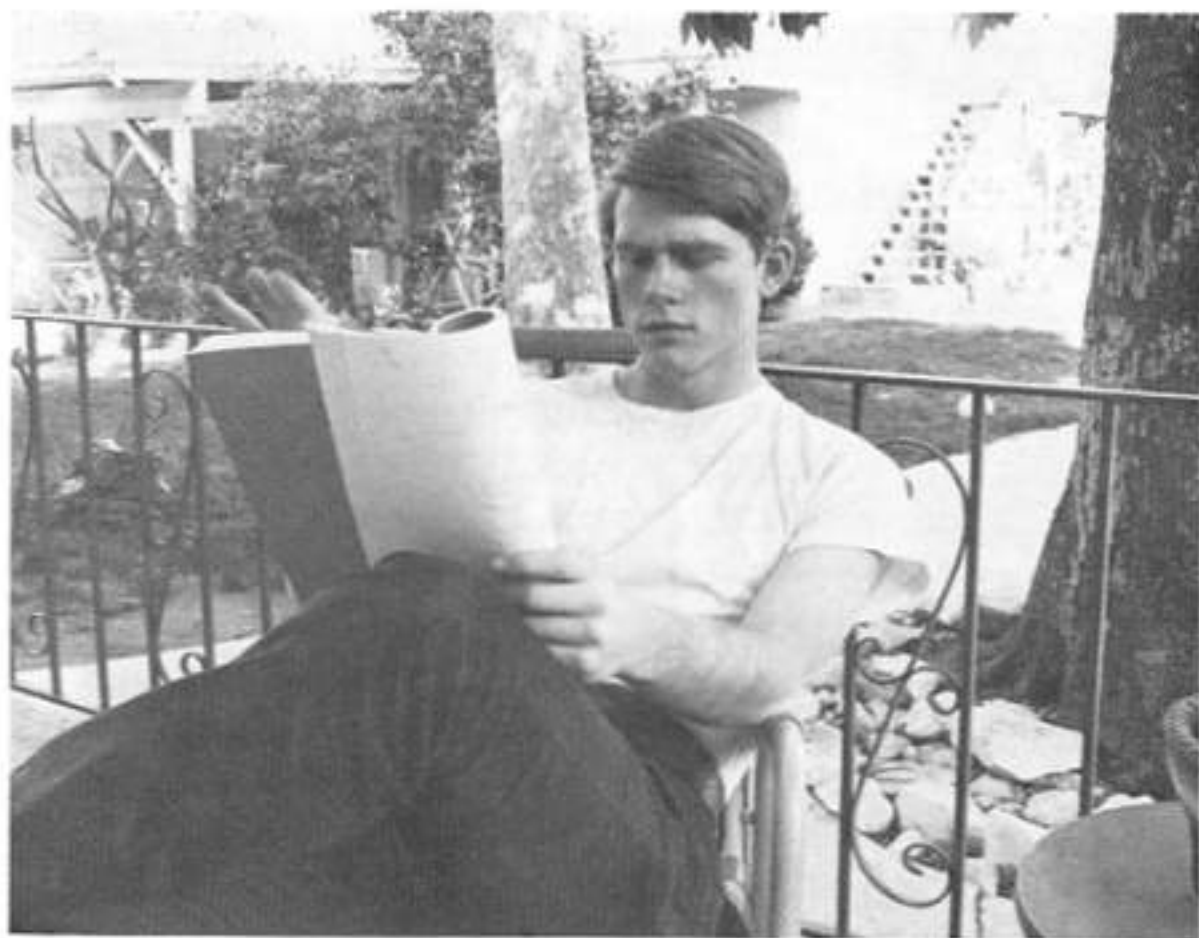
"Any pets in your life? Most actors keep something around."

"I have a cat called Tiger. The assistant director on the 'Andy Griffith Show' found him and gave him to me. I've had him six years. He's very independent and he takes care of himself. That's what I like about him. I also have a white mouse with red eyes that I keep out of Tiger's reach. This is really a strange mouse story:

"Cheryl has a snake. I don't know what kind it is, but she found it out on her dad's rifle range around San Bernardino. Periodically she has to buy a live mouse to feed it. The day before Thanksgiving, 'Happy Days', a television series I had made a pilot for, sold, and Cheryl put the mouse in with this snake. The snake took a bead on it but the mouse kept jumping out of the way and finally crept behind a rock. When the snake got disgusted and went to sleep, the mouse came out and kind of sniffed at its tail. I said to Cheryl: 'This mouse has got a lot of class. It's really a very courageous mouse.'

"I decided to call it Happy Days. It's really lucky for me and it's a high-quality mouse. I went out and spent \$10 on a cage and now it lives in my room. I hope he and I will have Happy Days together for the rest of our two lives."

Author's Note: 'Happy Days' will be seen Tuesday nights at 8 over ABC. It's a half-hour situation comedy series set in the period of the fifties.





community leader

TEN YEARS LATER

by Robert Wennersten
Photos by Hugh Harrison

John Rechy's first novel, *City of Night*, was published in 1963. At that time, its subject—gay hustling—was considered scandalous; and most literary critics, unable or unwilling to find any merit in the book, dismissed it with rabid insults and derision. So, not surprisingly, it became a best seller. Since then, he has written four more novels: *Numbers*, *This Day's Death*, *The Vampires* and *The Fourth Angel*.

Rechy lives in Los Angeles, in an apartment near Griffith Park. He's a large, muscular man who usually dresses in dark, tight shirts, blue jeans and boots. Brown hair hangs down to his shoulders, framing a rugged, tanned face. At first, he seems to radiate the sinister aura of a street hoodlum, but that impression

disappears when he smiles broadly and turns out to be an immediately friendly person.

Rechy seldom grants interviews. He's wary of them only because they rarely reflect what he actually says and not because he is reticent about any part of his life. "Whatever you want to ask me is cool," he said, leaning back in a chair, hands clasped behind his head.

He talks rapidly, with remnants of a New York accent and swift gestures. As he moves from topic to topic, from one anecdote to another, his moods shift quickly. He's angry and indignant when, for instance, he is off on the tactics of policemen and book reviewers. Then, a moment later, he explodes with laughter while repeating some amusing story (say, about the time he was visiting a professor at UCLA and was propositioned, for money, by another professor across dinner at the Faculty Club).

When the interview was over, Rechy rose and walked to the door. "Look, man," he said, "do me a favor. If you're out with friends and happen to see me, don't tell them who I am. Because the next thing I know, when people are sitting around together with nothing to do, they'll start suggesting things like, 'Let's go down to Selma and pick up John Rechy.'"

QUESTION

When and why did you come to Los Angeles for the first time, and did you think it was an exciting city when you arrived?

JOHN RECHY

I came here from New York. I'm sure there were many reasons why, psychological things working just below the conscious. I think the movement West, toward the last stop of the sun, was important to me. And, after all, it was to the West that people came to discover, away from the East. Like the gold rush. To me the East represents all that is old, grimy, decadent, lifeless. Although there's much of that here, the western plains still symbolize the search for a better, more open place. And being a Texan myself, I've always considered the West very open. I guess I thought of Los Angeles as the last frontier.

Los Angeles is still the most exciting city. It has the worst of America and the best of America. The most reactionary elements are here, and so is the greatest freedom. That's a strange combination. The place is like a battleground where two forces are ready to clash. On the one hand, there's the terrible reaction of the smaller cities, which is typified by Reagan; and, on the other hand, there's this marvelous freedom.

But I have a strange feeling that Los Angeles can either be the typification of the new freedom or the last of freedom. Whatever might come down, man, will start coming down in Los Angeles first, because this is where the symbolic freedom is. If anybody

wants to crush it, they'll start here. You feel that very much with the attitude of the cops.

QUESTION

Don't you think that all the blatant sexuality has now actually made Los Angeles *less* sexy?

JOHN RECHY

No. I'm sorry to disagree with you; but to me the ideal sexiness, finally, is a loose one, not one that has to be hidden. Some people think that a tantalizing sexuality is much more intriguing. I don't. I love being able to go around without a shirt, instead of having to wear lots of clothes. I like loose sexuality.

I was rapping to a group the other day, and somebody said, "Sure, but if your ideas progressed to their logical conclusion, you would allow sex in the streets." And I said, "Exactly." Sex in the streets could be beautiful. I can't understand why anybody should freak out over sex right in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard, man. It's just like two people shaking hands or two people getting together to eat. If you don't want to see it, you turn away. If you want to see it, watch.

QUESTION

Drugs have changed things too, wouldn't you say?

JOHN RECHY

Oh, yeah. They've changed a lot of heads. Hallucinogenic drugs, when they've done good, have done beautiful things to people's heads. If we look around, we see the great effects of drugs in colors, clothes, attitudes towards freedom. But when they've done bad, those same drugs have fucked people's heads.

But then I've had two bummers. (I didn't learn the first time; so, the second time, I got it again.) Those were the ugliest experiences my head has ever gone through. Acid really messed me up. Shit, I wanted to kill myself. It was black depression, much like the bumner trip that's described in *The Fourth Angel*. So I won't touch hallucinogenics anymore. I'm convinced that they can be very, very dangerous.

But I'm not saying that they should be outlawed. Nothing that has to do with personal freedom of choice should be outlawed. I believe in total freedom. So people should do drugs if they want, but I also think that they should know the possible dangers.

QUESTION

You were talking about the new freedom in Los Angeles. One of the manifestations of that, of course, is the movies that you can see now. Have you ever seen a good porno film?

JOHN RECHY

I'm not into fuck movies (pardon the expression). But the other day I was shown one privately, because some people were talking about filming *Numbers*. The director has done gay pornography, and he showed me a movie he made. It was a good film. Aside from one raunchy, gratuitous scene—it was a

sadomasochistic scene that just didn't fit in at all—it was a sensitively done movie. But I'm sure that this is not a run-of-the-mill porno movie.

Numbers could be a beautiful movie too, and I'd write the screenplay myself. Despite its sexuality, it's not a fuck book, man. *Numbers* is a well-constructed book. I wanted each reader to go through Johnny Rio's trip with him; and if I had left out one encounter, it wouldn't have had the accumulation of numbers that I intended. Readers had to see how Johnny proceeds, to see that in the last chapter he literally descends into the subterranean depths, into a kind of hell, absolutely trapped in the park. The undercurrent of the book is one of death.

QUESTION

How old were you when *City of Night* was published?

JOHN RECHY

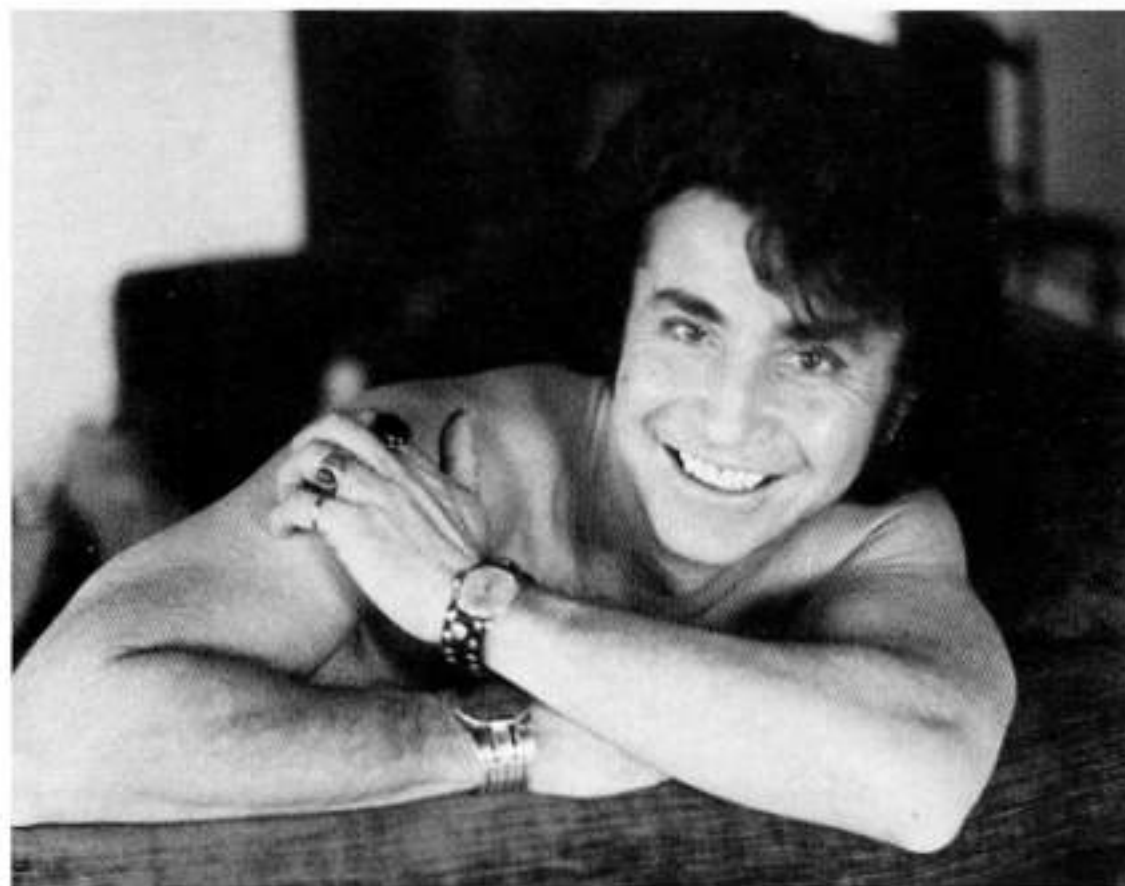
How old was I? Well, see, that would be a way of figuring out how old I am now, and I'm very sensitive about telling my age. Plus I don't like to lie. So I'll just say, "No comment."

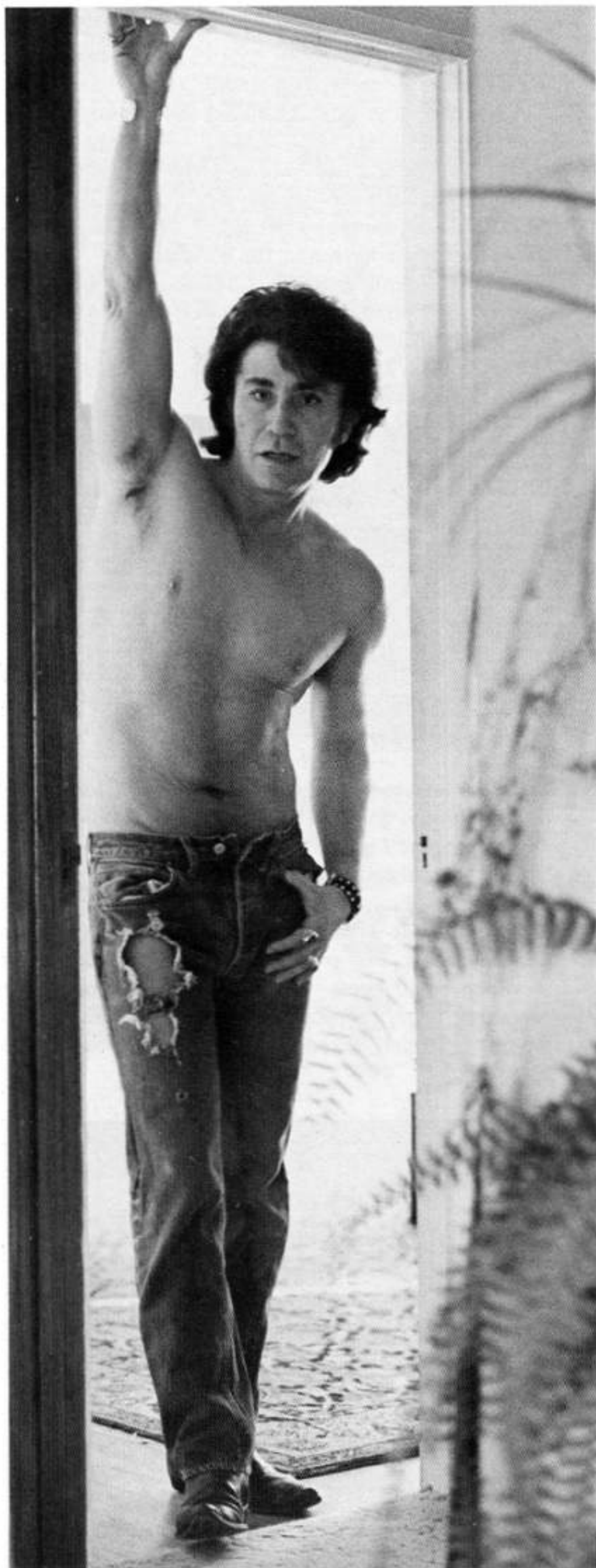
QUESTION

What I was trying to get at is that it must have been an exciting experience to be a best-selling author at such a young age.

JOHN RECHY

It was an absolute surprise, because I hadn't realized what was going to happen. *City of Night* began as a letter that I wrote to a friend. I had been to New Orleans for Mardi Gras and got messed up in my head. Oh, it was really a bumner trip. So I split to El Paso and wrote a long letter to a friend about what had happened. For some odd reason—because I was so wiped out, I guess—I didn't mail it. I came on it a few days later, retyped it and sent it to *Evergreen Review* and *New Directions*. Both of them accepted it.





Evergreen wrote back and said, "We're terribly interested in your writing. Are you perhaps doing a novel with this material?" It was a time when, as young as I was, I felt I had sunk to a point of no return in the streets. I thought my whole life was going to be the streets, and I was so anxious to be "saved" by writing that I told *Evergreen* it was part of a novel that was almost finished. (It wasn't even begun.) By then I had gone to Los Angeles, and my editor came out here to see me. Then I went back to El Paso to work on it. A friend of mine supported me for a year, sent me money each month, so that I could finish writing it.

The book's success was exciting and scary. In fact, I split the country, because of all the bullshit that was coming down on me. I was being asked for interviews and appearances, and I couldn't cope with it. So I went to the Caribbean with a friend and spent most of the time there.

QUESTION

Was *City of Night* the first novel that really explored gay hustling?

JOHN RECHY

It was the first book of its kind, and the hustler books since *City of Night* have obviously been written by people who don't know that world. *Midnight Cowboy* is an atrocity, both the book and the movie. They're so fake and terribly dishonest. The author didn't know *what the fuck* it was all about. He tortures his poor hustler in the most sadistic way. Then Schlesinger shot that movie as if he were doing a layout for *Vogue*. My God, 42nd Street looked like a pretty Christmas tree. There was none of the real loneliness, despair . . . beauty, man, even. And there is a lot of beauty, you know. It's a tragic and lonesome world, but sometimes it's also a very beautiful world. Yet this movie was seen by millions of people who said: Wow, that's how it is.

You know what it reminds me of? It reminds me of several years ago when the scene used to be in Pershing Square. There was this odious man who would come down and pick up on a hustler and say, "I came down to dig the lowlife." "Dig" was a big word then; but from him it was an impossible word, because it sounded so unnatural. Anyway, he would hire a hustler to take him around, so that he could "dig" the lowlife. It was the worst kind of slumming. Now, my point is that there was a lot of "digging the lowlife" in *Midnight Cowboy*. The attitudes in the book and the movie are so slimy. They have cruel, ugly aspects about them. Jon Voight was very good, but the rest of it was crap.

QUESTION

After the tremendous success of your first novel, was there a lot of pressure for a second one?

JOHN RECHY

No, none at all. *City of Night* had been such a long book and had taken so much time to write that I didn't write anything else for a long time. Then I wrote *Numbers* in exactly three months. I began writing it as I was driving out of L.A. in my car. I saw a cloud of smog in my rear-view mirror and suddenly felt that Los Angeles was a doomed city. This became the theme for *Numbers*, and I literally began writing it in the car. My mother was with me, and she held the paper on the console. It was like a corny movie about, say, Beethoven, where the sun comes through the clouds and inspires a symphony.

No, there was no pressure to write anything. Although there was the implicit pressure that I somehow had to match, if not surpass, *City of Night*. That's a pressure that I still feel.

QUESTION

Speaking of pressures to repeat past successes, did you know Inge?

JOHN RECHY

No. That was so sad. In fact, I got so depressed over William Inge that I spoke about it to a shrink that I was seeing off and on. Inge was a man who made such a success, and the critics kept expecting him to duplicate it and duplicate it. The fucking critics are unbelievably cruel.

The critical reaction to *City of Night* was a horror. The first review I got was the one written by an evil closet queen for the *New York Review of Books*. I knew that people did nasty reviews, but it's different when it's a review of something that you've painfully written and that's so much a part of your body and soul, for Christ's sake. Not to get corny, but *City of Night* was dredged up from all my feelings; and suddenly this tacky old man is *dumping* on it, man. He was really dumping on me, on my whole life, passing judgment on my life. I couldn't believe it.

Critics can be incredibly cruel. I think it was that kind of critical reaction that killed William Inge, that kills so many writers . . . even those who don't commit suicide.

QUESTION

Terry Southern once remarked that your novels seem to be written straight away, right off the top of your head. And he said that this was one of the great strengths of your writing. Do you actually write that way?

JOHN RECHY

No. I'm a very careful writer. *City of Night* was deliberately written to imitate street rhythms and street poetry. Also, I mesmerized myself with rock-and-roll, so I could get some of its relentless sound. I wanted the book to have that quality. I wrote version after version of some chapters, like, sometimes twelve different versions.



QUESTION

Are there certain themes that recur in all your novels?

JOHN RECHY

Yes. You may find it interesting that there's a phrase which appears in every book I've written, and it will appear in every book I write. That phrase, with variations, is: "No substitute for salvation." This is one of the themes for all my books, and I mean that phrase in the literal sense. Every one of us has been infused with some kind of bullshit about God or religion or whatever, some kind of hope. We've been given intimations of salvation of one sort or another; and when we realize that there is none, there's this great emptiness, vacuum, which we want to fill. We find out that there is no substitute for salvation, and then the existential condition really comes on us. So this is one of the themes.

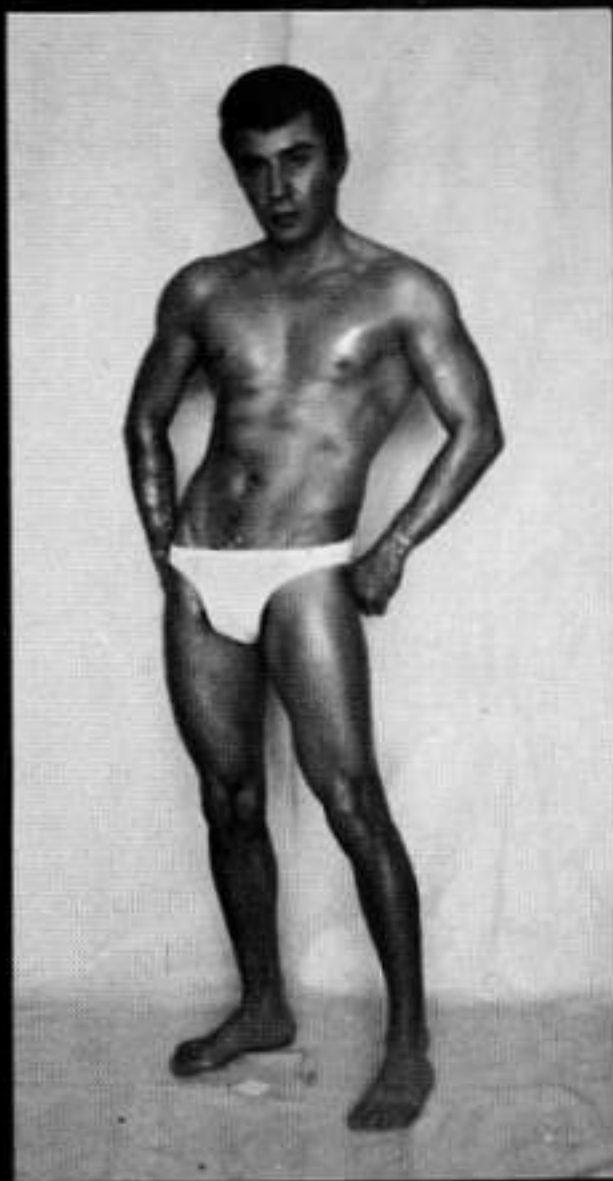
And there's always the theme of the fear of aging. The narrator in *City of Night*, as young as he is, is already obsessed with the terror of getting old. In *Numbers*, the writer deliberately avoids telling how old Johnny Rio is. Aging and narcissism are very heavy themes for me.

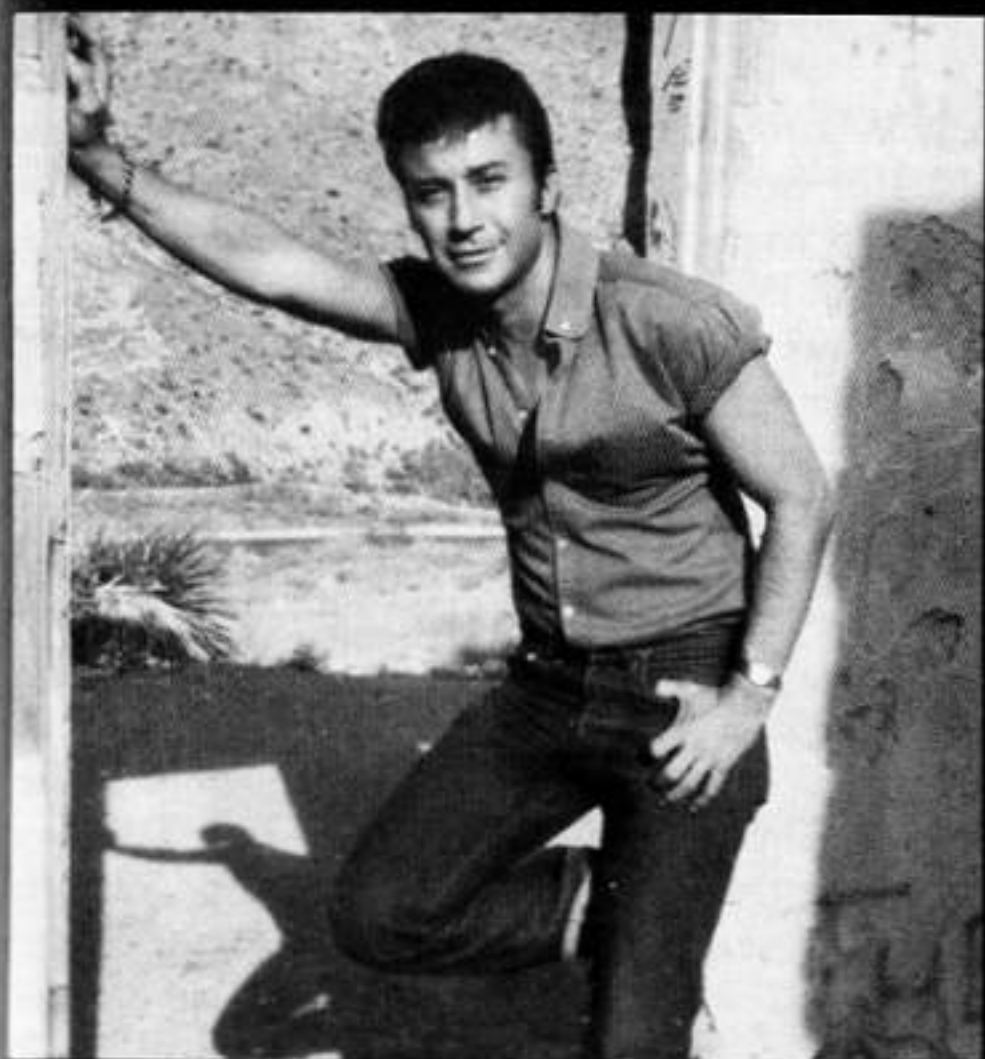
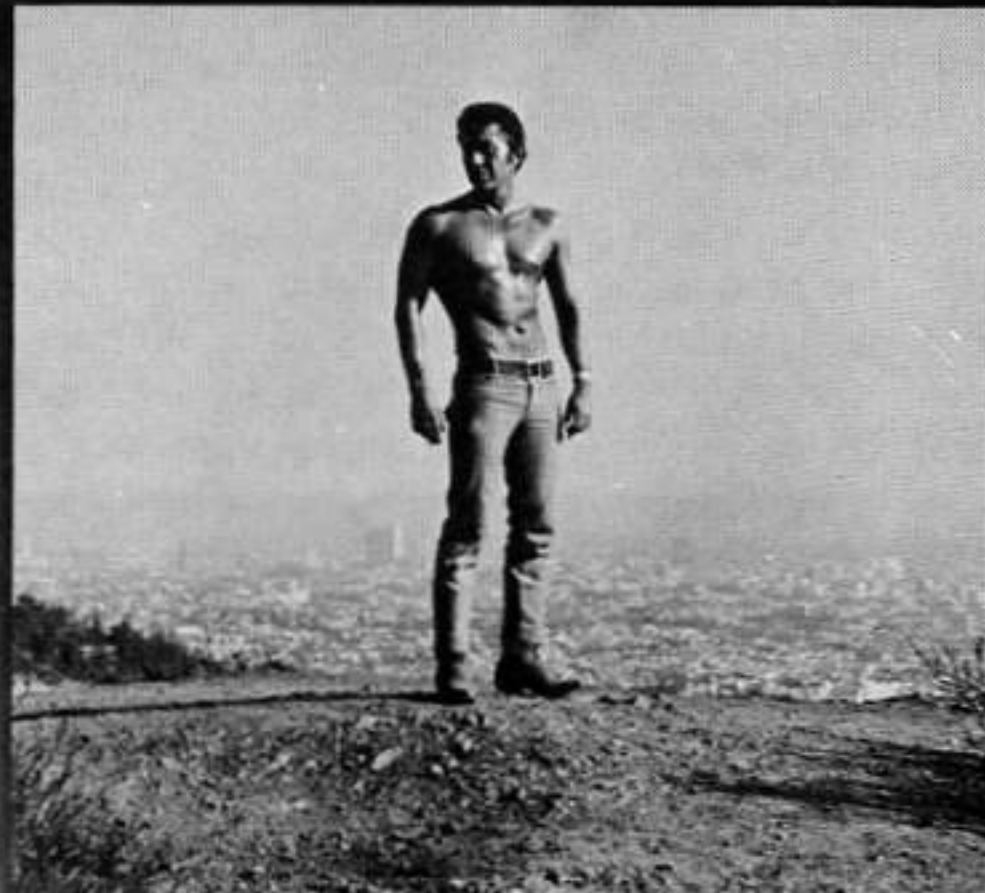
So is incest. Although, I didn't realize till recently to what extent *The Vampires* is a book about incest. Listen. The main character of the book, Richard, has a scene in which he kisses his young, beautiful son very sexually. Tarah, who is Richard's wife, makes it with her son. There's an implication that Lianne, Richard's second wife, has had an affair with *her* son. Gable makes it with his mother. Jeremy has a strong relationship with his own mother. Malissa may have turned her father into a captive, because he may have



A PAGE FROM THE RECHY SCRAPBOOK

At a very early age (top left). John arrives in Los Angeles in 1959 (right). The official photo for CITY OF NIGHT was taken in San Francisco in 1960 (far left). Rechy in New York when CITY OF NIGHT was published (left). The next year found John relaxing (below left). In a New York studio in 1965, John tries his hand at physique modeling (below center and right). John stands in Griffith Park and researches NUMBERS in 1966 (page 27, top). An original print of the jacket photo for NUMBERS in 1967 (center). In 1968 John had official studio photos taken (R. Michael Kelley—bottom).





molested her. Paul and Valerie, twins, may have committed incest or may have just a fantasy about committing incest. The final murder, which is the trigger of the book, is based on incest. OK? It's impossible for me to explain to you that I did not realize that *The Vampires* was so fully about incest. I merely thought that it was a violent book about people living off each other. I hadn't seen how powerfully the theme of incest runs through it—through all my books, in fact.

QUESTION

I understand that you're working on two new books: *The Sexual Outlaw* and *Autobiography, a Novel*. What sort of books will they be?

JOHN RECHY

I think that *The Sexual Outlaw* is going to be a very important book defining the homosexual sensibility. It will show how societal, religious, psychological pressures form the gay person into an entity unto himself; and that legal repression creates a definite outlaw personality, much like the outlaws that were created historically. Thus he becomes a "threat" to society. Not the way society wants us to believe; but because we are the free ones, the ones who flaunt the lack of freedom of those who hate us. To many people we represent a kind of sexual freedom that they don't have, and even many liberal people are freaked out by our presence. Although the sexual outlaw is, indeed, a beautiful figure, the book won't romanticize the gay world; because there is much in the gay world that is absolutely tragic, just as there is in the heterosexual world. But it will define the outlaw personality that is created by all these pressures.

My book will use transcripts of two actual trials on sex charges. It will delineate them and show the ignorance that is heaped on us by even so-called decent people. It's going to make the point that at this time the gay minority is the most persecuted and prosecuted minority in the country, and that the kind of outrages perpetrated on the gay community are the kind that would bring howls of protest from liberal groups if they were being inflicted on any other minority.

The second book will present autobiography in the shape of a novel. The book will have different layers of reality. Like, a scene will be presented, and then the narrator will view it differently. When he tells it again, there'll be a new reality. I intend to deal with these varying aspects of reality, plus very much with the gay world now, this moment: streets, alleys. Certain sections will be presented as self-interviews. It's the first book since *City of Night* that I'll write in the first person.

I'm also thinking of writing a "biography" of Andy Warhol, with Gerard Melanga. Its title would be *Nar-*



cissism Madness Suicide: The Andy Warhol World as Experienced by Gerard Melanga and Re-Created Through John Rechy.

QUESTION

What's your opinion of the Gay Liberation movement?

JOHN RECHY

I am for it. It has done so much good. It's already helped overcome some of the straight world's prejudices.

I dislike it very much when I do talks with gay groups and somebody says: Yes, but such and such a group gives us a bad image, and people think we're all like that. (They usually pick on the drag queens.) Fuck it, man. The gay world includes a wide spectrum of people, everything from truck drivers to drags. It's nonsense for any gay person to say: It's cool for me, but the queen walking around Hollywood Boulevard in drag is fucking me over. To me, the drag queen is one of the main heroes (or heroines) of the gay world. The courage required for her merely to step out on the street in drag is perhaps 1,000 times more than the courage that is required for any of the rest of us. She's almost a sacrificial figure, absorbing all the hatred that is leveled on us from other quarters.

I become very militant when I do a rap on gay pride. There's much to be proud of in being gay; some of the greatest people in all fields have been gay. But I also say that not everyone can be militant, that there are some people who cannot come out and publicly admit to being gay. Society would destroy them.

Then I define the homosexual sensibility in art. I think that the fact that we have to hide our sexual feelings creates a sensitivity which is very refined. It produces a special ability to convey nuances. From the beginning, we have to act roles in order to survive.

We're forced to play roles all the time for parents and employers. This, what I call a pressurized sensitivity, goes off very naturally into the arts: acting, writing, the theatre.

Implicit in my rap is the idea that the most corrupt attitude toward homosexuality comes from the law and from some sick psychiatrists. It's a shame. I personally know some staggeringly powerful and rich homosexuals in Los Angeles who could be such a force for political reform, but they are the ones who have to pretend. (Although, God knows, everyone knows all about them.) There are millions of homosexuals in America; and when somebody like Burt Pines comes along, he can get elected because of support from the homosexual community. (Frankly, though, I'm braced for a betrayal from Burt Pines. All his rap about not prosecuting victimless crimes, but he's already excepted prostitution and said that prostitution is not a victimless crime. Well, goddamn, man!)

There is a lot of gay life that is very horrifying. (I'm part of many of these areas of gay life, so I'm not being a hypocrite.) I had a friend, one of the most brilliant psychiatrists in the world—I wasn't his patient, I was his friend—who once said something really revealing to me. He said that what is so alienating in most homosexual relationships is that you *begin* with the intimacy. Then, to get anything going, you have to work backwards. Most heterosexual relationships are built by, first of all, the meeting, relating to the reality of one another. Next comes seeing the person again, getting to know the person, and then touching that person. You go through all these levels, until finally it has grown into a relationship that, in order to find a greater closeness, moves into the beautiful sexual areas. You stay together the night you make it, and the next day you can resume all the levels of the relationship you've already built up. The base is there. In the gay world, we begin by mumbling a few words to each other, if that. Suddenly we're making sex. Then we just as suddenly split to the next person. You see, we've begun with the intimacy without ever having gone through any tenderness or gentleness. I think this is the reason why so few lasting homosexual relationships exist.

QUESTION

Why are you so reticent about your age?

JOHN RECHY

I'm extremely narcissistic. And it has to do with my belief in appearances. I think that appearance is a heavy thing. I rely on appearance, and I like to appear a certain way. So I do a lot of weightlifting and bodybuilding, because I think the body is important. Especially *my* body. I love my body, and I want it to be muscular.

I never tell strangers that I'm a writer. If I did, they would react differently to me. If I'm out on the streets and come on as a writer, you can imagine the reaction. Instead, I become the person I wrote about in *City of Night* and *Numbers*.

QUESTION

There's also a certain suggestion of violence in your street appearance. I assume that's intentional.

JOHN RECHY

I'm aware that my appearance does give definite hints of violence. I've been told that often. There are instances when I use it deliberately. I'd be lying if I didn't say that. A lot of people are attracted to it, and the narcissism in me loves the adoration and adulation and submission.

But basically I'm a gentle person, and there are times when I want tenderness. I'll meet somebody; I think it's going to be sweet and beautiful. Suddenly this other thing in me is what's coming across to him; and it turns out that he *wants* the fulfillment of the promise of violence. So I just resign myself again to playing the same act of distance and aloofness and toughness.

Sometimes I'm with a guy, and I get a hint about his humanity. I feel really good vibes coming, and I think: Wow, here's a guy who could be my friend. I get a feeling that if I drop the tough role I'm playing for him, we could find out what each other is about. But I can't drop the role, because that would destroy his fantasies about me. It's frustrating. In a way, it's a trap: the same thing that attracts people to me is also the very thing that isolates me.

QUESTION

You presumably make a living by writing, so why do you still go out hustling the streets?

JOHN RECHY

Listen, I shouldn't answer that question. I'll just say that hustling is linked to narcissism and being paid is proof that one is very strongly desired and desirable.

So is the "numbers" trip: a lot of people digging me. (I'm not talking about an orgy situation. That's fine if I am the *absolute* center of the orgy, which I usually am. But if people start, like, getting interested in each other, then I split. I can't *stand* it, but that doesn't happen too often.) The numbers trip: I was estimating a while ago that I'd been with at least seven thousand people. Then, after a while, I started getting into a whole new Johnny Rio trip—aiming for ten thousand. I could see where that was leading. I began freaking out, so I arbitrarily froze the number at seven thousand. (Seven is my lucky number.) Now, if I'm ever on Johnny Carson's show, and he asks me how many people I've made it with, I'll answer, "Seven thousand."

QUESTION

Where does a sexual life like yours lead?

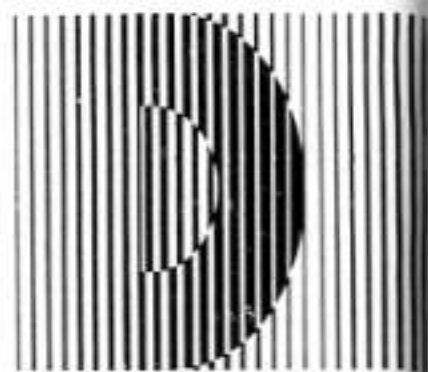
JOHN RECHY

There are two possibilities. I'll just go on becoming better, or, if things get grim, there's always suicide.

I had a very heavy revelation a few days ago when I was talking to a girl friend about suicide. I was telling her that although I may never kill myself, the concept of suicide is a very real one with me. All at once, an illumination, man: I live with the concept of suicide, and therefore virtually without a future. Granted, I may never kill myself, but simply the idea of doing it has molded my life. (I guess a contradiction of that is working out with weights. The only thing that has any continuity for me is making my body more and more muscular.)

Also, I think it's important to make an attractive death, and that's where the concept of suicide comes in again. It has to do, too, with the whole idea of one's autobiography as a novel. You know, my life is so intertwined with my work that I almost live my life as if it were a novel. When do you end a novel? At its most dramatic moment, when everything is said, everything fulfilled. Your life, if you make it a work of art, should end at exactly the same moment. It, ideally, should end like a novel. So I simply conceive of things going on and on until I don't want them to anymore. Then, they can be stopped. Finally, that's the only freedom you have . . . the freedom to die.





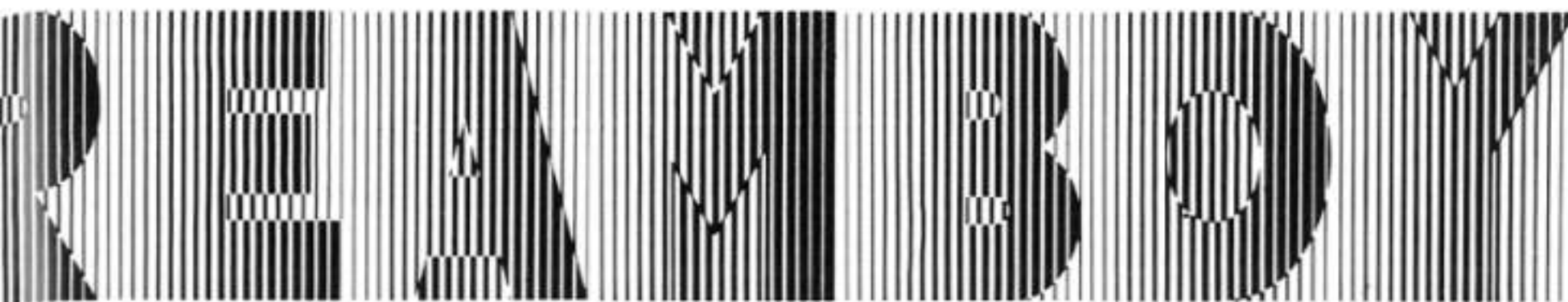
Mr. Tidyman stepped out onto Spring Street in downtown Los Angeles and took as deep a breath as he dared take of the pure California smog. After a couple of false starts, he thrust himself into the moving throng of humanity on the sidewalk and allowed himself to be carried along toward the bus stop.

Mr. Tidyman thought once again about the office boy in his building. A tall blond boy with the deep bronze of an inveterate California surfer, the office boy inevitably stuffed his husky, muscular physique into skintight slacks and open-front sport shirts, and Mr. Tidyman could barely keep his eyes off him whenever the boy made his way through the maze of desks in the office.

And today—just this afternoon—as Mr. Tidyman had stood at the urinals in the washroom, this great bronzed god had come in and stood beside him! Mr. Tidyman had not had the courage to glance over as the boy unsheathed that weapon, the bulge of which he had so often admired, but he was sure that it was immense.

Mr. Tidyman didn't even know the boy's name. He was always just "Boy!" or "Hey, you!" around the office, and Mr. Tidyman didn't want to show any undue interest in him by inquiring from a fellow worker just what the boy's name was. And of course, he couldn't ask the boy. One does not speak to the gods directly. But he wouldn't have a common name. He wouldn't be a Joe or a Pete or a Louie. His name would be something fine, something classic, something a little distant. Fabian! That was it! That must be it. He was Fabian.

Mr. Tidyman boarded the bus and stood amid a pack of people, clinging for balance to the pipe that ran overhead, although he could not have fallen if he had lifted his feet from the floor, so thick were the people. As the bus lurched along the street toward his home, Mr. Tidyman thought about Fabian. It was a fine old name. Rich in tradition. Hadn't Mr. Tidyman read somewhere that one of the great Renaissance painters had had a lover named Fabian? Or had it been Alexander the Great? Or maybe it was one of those old kings. Anyway, someone like that. And then there was the popular singer a few years ago—his



by John Marvin
Illustration by J.D. Klamik

name was Fabian. A beautiful boy, Mr. Tidyman recalled. He had been in a lot of those surfing pictures. And the office boy was also a surfer. That settled it. His name was Fabian.

Night descended on the city. The people in the bus began to thin out as more and more of them arrived at their destinations. Finally a seat opened up beside Mr. Tidyman, and he sat down. But a block later he had arrived at his street, and he had to get up again.

The little lighted island that was the bus floated away into the sea of darkness and left Mr. Tidyman standing in the chilly night air at the bus stop. He was about to start up the dark side street to his apartment when something in a window by the bus stop caught his eye. There was a tiny barber shop there, the light from its red-and-white-striped pole dimly illuminating the several signs and pictures in the window. And there, before Mr. Tidyman, was something new in one corner. It was the front cover of *International Hairstylist*, and it featured a glossy black-and-white photo of a smiling, well-groomed young man. He was far and away the most beautiful young man Mr. Tidyman had ever seen.

He had the square-jawed, masculine beauty of a college boy and yet something about the eyes—a soft, warm, understanding something—beckoned to Mr. Tidyman as he was sure it would never beckon to any silly sorority dolly. As he stared, the boy looked out at him with a look of such compassion, such *love*, that he stood rooted to the spot studying the young face for what seemed a minute and yet hours.

A boy of such rare beauty, thought Mr. Tidyman, of such warmth and understanding, was just what he had been searching for all his life. Ted, the handsome blond lifeguard on the Army recruiting poster, had been a little cold and aloof, and Craig, the slender young man in the Pepsi ads, had that nice, warm smile, but was only interested in the silly girl in the bikini. Randy, the checker at the corner market, was too shy. When Mr. Tidyman smiled at him, he never even acknowledged the attention. And Fabian was such a flawless specimen that he could only be interested in himself.

But here was a boy who was clean-cut and handsome, who was obviously well-read and intelligent,

and who undoubtedly liked music and art and all the finer things. And he smiled at Mr. Tidyman with such a loving, compassionate smile that Mr. Tidyman knew that here was the companion he had been looking for.

What could his name be? Mr. Tidyman studied the boy, and the boy smiled warmly back, and Mr. Tidyman knew that his name was David. Not Dave, or Davey, mind you, but David. Like Michelangelo's David, but with all the humanity that the sculptor's stern, cold youth failed to exude. David. And the tender smile told him that it was true.

At last Mr. Tidyman went home to his neat little apartment, where he was greeted by Melissa, his white-haired, blue-eyed cat. "Well, hello, Melissa," he purred as he took off his coat and hung it up. "And how was your day, my dear?"

Melissa made her lazy, contented noise. As Mr. Tidyman went into the kitchen, she indicated her empty bowl with a little note of displeasure. He hurried to fill it for her, and she purred her appreciation.

He fixed a light dinner for himself, and then he and Melissa settled down on the comfortable old sofa for an evening of television. He never missed "The Waltons." John-Boy was such a charming, pretty little fellow.

In a while, the doorbell rang. It was Mrs. Prescott, the landlady, to collect the monthly rent. Mr. Tidyman had forgotten that it was the end of the month, and had to scurry about collecting the money that he had stored here and there around the place. Damn the woman, he thought after she had left. She always flustered him, somehow. He never felt comfortable when she came around. If only David were here, he thought. He'd know how to handle the old buzzard!

At 11:00 he turned off the set and went to the bedroom. He made a point never to watch the 11:00 news. Much too gruesome just before bedtime. He looked across the broad expanse of the king-sized bed. It seemed so big and empty with just he and Melissa in it at night. If only David were here!

Mr. Tidyman thought about David as he got ready for bed. He had been wearing a turtleneck sweater tonight, but he obviously had wide shoulders, and probably a trim, well-proportioned body. He was

Continued on Page 62



fashion

flipping over plaids

by Jay Ross
Photography by Dave Sands

Over ten years ago I was invited to the opening of a new men's clothing store with the unlikely name of Zeidler & Zeidler. It was located a few doors away from the famous Schwab's drugstore at Sunset Boulevard and North Crescent Heights.

The party was a success. It overflowed into the parking lot, but it was obvious that the shop would carve its own niche in the future.

For the first time on any sizable scale high fashion was being offered at even less than moderate prices. They adopted a policy of having continuous sales. Not everything was on sale, but at any given moment *something* was.

The formula worked. Zeidler & Zeidler now has stores covering the Southland. For this month's fashion feature we revisited the original location at 1449 N. Crescent Heights Blvd., which has at least tripled its size. It hasn't strayed from its original concept; the look is young, the prices affordable.

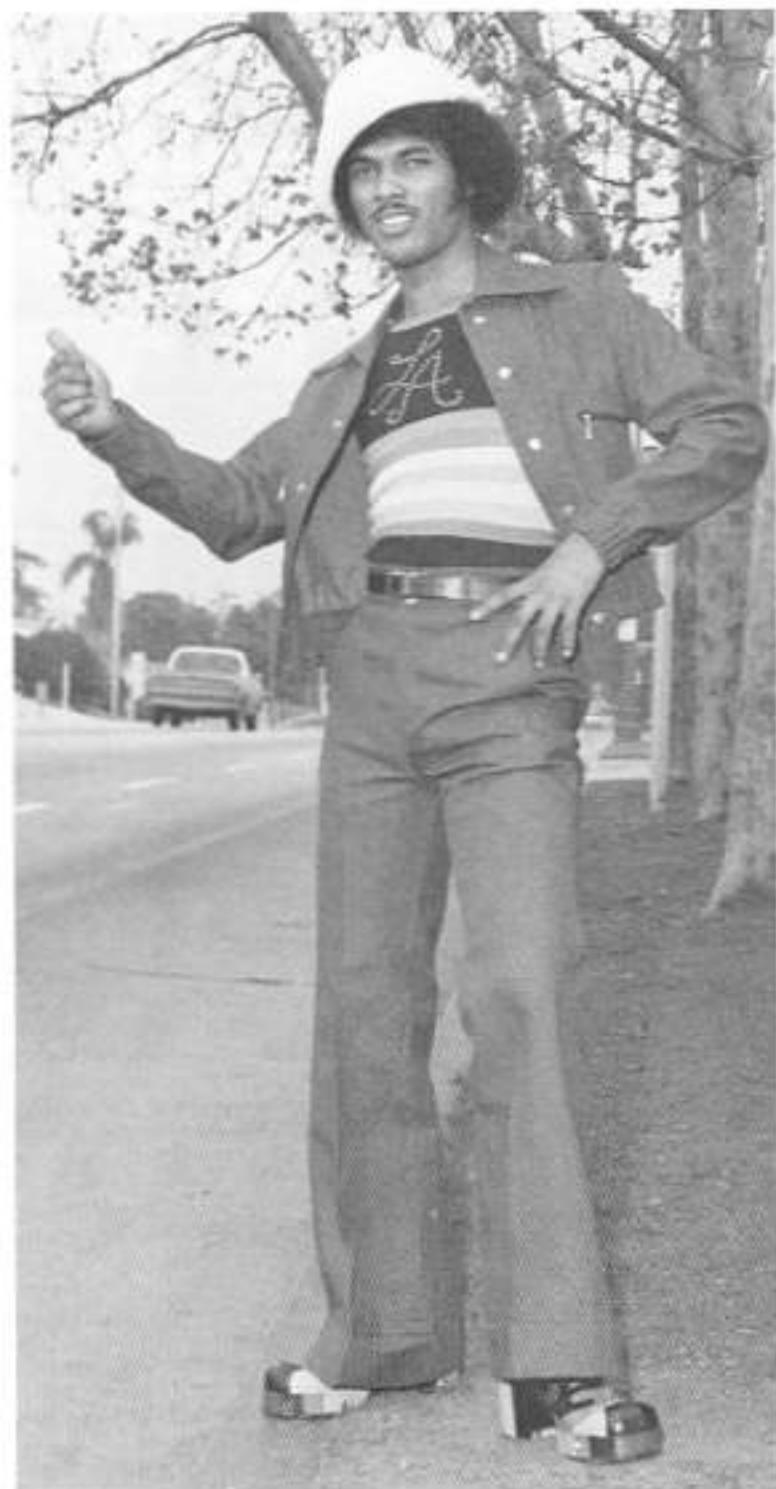
Black model Curtis Price sports a suede topcoat by Europecraft which would make an excellent coverup for any of his other Z&Z outfits.

A 3-piece suit looks like a well-put-together outfit but it was designed to be sold that way. A bold plaid jacket is given the solidity of dark, solid color matching pants and vest. This acrylic and wool blend suit is worn with an all cotton dress shirt and dotted bow tie.

The reversible medium length jacket (leather on one side; suede on the other) is from Spain. We've coordinated it with a wool crew-neck sweater with a geometric diamond pattern, a rounded collar cotton sport shirt and casual polyester and rayon slacks featuring wide cuffs and French pocket styling.

Our blond model Ron Casper had a field day posing in the genuine rabbit fur jacket imported





from Belgium. It comes in grey or a shade resembling red fox. A wool V-neck vest covering an arnel sport shirt are worn over the high-waisted acrylic pants in a bold check design.

A wool turtleneck shirt almost matches the background color of Ron's plaid, short jacket and high-waisted, cuffed pant outfit in an acrylic and polyester blend. The nubby surface adds depth to the plaid.

Joe Hornick really dresses up in a pink floral printed black velvet jacket imported from France exclusively for Z&Z. He wears it with a cotton dress shirt and gabardine dress slacks that feature side buckles and scoop pockets.

The "Art Deco" polyester pull-over vest would do F. Scott and Zelda proud. Joe teams it with a wool cardigan from Europecraft, being careful not to cover the blasé faces. A matte jersey sport shirt underlines the outfit but the ultra-wide, ultra-bold plaid wool pants announce that "Gatsby's" back in town.

For fun sport, all three models opt for denim. Curtis chooses a shorty jacket with matching high-waisted pants with cuffs and stitched-down crease. Blazing from under the jacket is a rainbow striped T-shirt with "LA" in flashing rhinestones.

Joe teams his faded denim, silver-studded shirt from India with black corduroy straight-legged slacks featuring a back buckle and screwdriver pocket. Multicolored studs infiltrate the black.

Ron's faded denim overalls, imported from England, are teamed with a "Hey, Rube!" plaid sport shirt and topped with the ultra-classy, recycled denim bow tie aglitter with rhinestones.

From just a department of the original store, shoes have become such an important segment of Zeidler & Zeidler's business that they now rate a store of their





own—just a few doors away at 8108 Sunset Blvd.

It would be hard to find a farther-out, ready-made selection of shoes. Verde and Harbor footwear is imported from Italy, Fantasia from France, and Terry de Havilland from England.

The sky's the limit as far as platforms and heels are concerned, but also in styling. Metallics and multicolors stagger the mind. One of the most elegant is the white *peau de soie* from Terry de Havilland and the most whimsical is the silver Lurex high-top tennis shoes custom made by Norman Barcho-witz.

A new entrant into the local menswear scene, **Mick Tucker**, shows the kind of savvy that says he'll be around for a long time. Located at 8490 Melrose Avenue, upstairs from the Melting Pot restaurant, they're just off the corner of La Cienega Blvd.

The wool suits, imported from Canada, are meticulously tailored. Even the loudest plaids become muted with a sense of knowing they're in perfect taste.

Intricate cutting and tailoring are evident in the form-fitting leather jackets—pigskin from Spain, kid with wool knit cuffs and waistband from Italy, and the fantastic body shirt in antique green leather from Italy.

For the bold at heart **Mick Tucker** has a selection of jackets made just for him in antique drapey fabrics, embroidered satins and other surprises, as well as a number of concoctions Mick conjures up in his own workroom.

Hand-knit sweaters and vests are attention getters along with the hats designed by Mick.

Shirts come from England and India and ties from Italy, all picked with a knowing hand for super-coordination.

Mick Tucker just arrived but he already appears to be a solid member of the community.

We're grateful for the cooperation of community leader Mr. Bill Plotts, in making his home available for this month's fashion feature. The setting inspired our models who all happen to be professional actors.

Curtis Price, a Gemini, hails from Corpus Christi, Texas. He

started singing with the Gospel Travelers of Faith, touring churches over the entire country. He then joined the Greshin Brothers blues band. He has appeared in five films including *Sweet Jesus*, *Preacher Man*, and co-starred in *Baby Needs a New Pair of Shoes*, soon to be released.

Libra, Joe Hornick, hails from Kansas City, Kansas, where he studied acting and eventually toured with *My Fair Lady*. Quite sensibly he also studied a more stable trade and is a printer, a trade at which he works to allow himself the luxury of indulging his other loves, singing, dancing, acting, writing and, not least, modeling.

Portsmouth, Ohio couldn't contain the many-faceted talents of Taurus, Ron Casper. He headed for New York where he studied at the Herbert Berghof School. Ron is currently working on an act which will utilize his abilities as an actor, comedian, dancer and singer. He has appeared at the Ice House in Pasadena, the Comedy Store and the film *Blume in Love*. He was recently signed by the Robert Hussong Agency.





discovery

SENSE, SENSIBILITY AND BOB DZIEWIT



This gorgeous 29-year-old Pole named Bob Dzewit (pronounced Jevit) was a New Year's baby born at 12:30 in the early afternoon of January 1, 1945 in Amsterdam, New York. Bob was the third of five children. He currently lives with his two younger sisters in the Hollywood Hills.

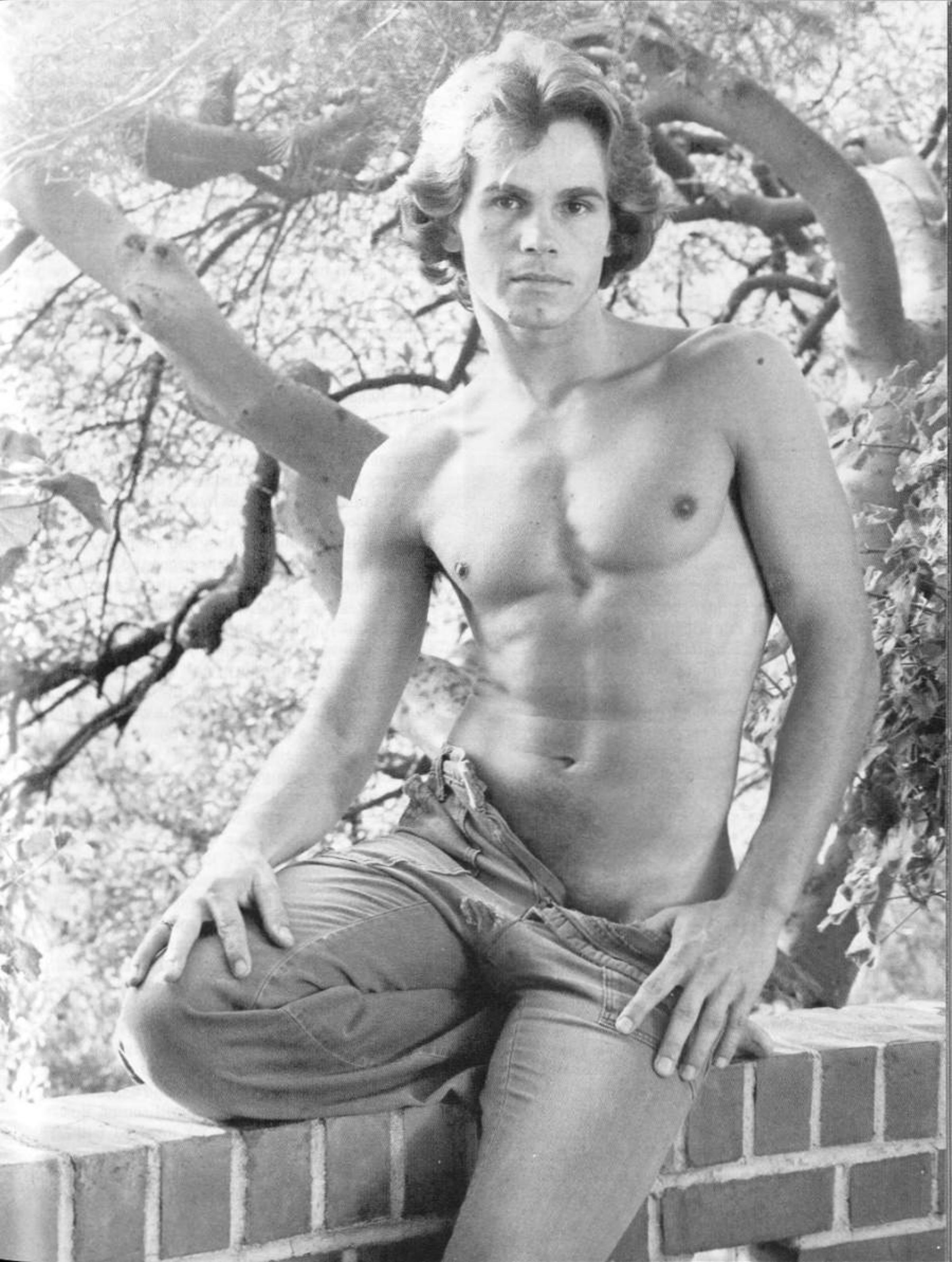
Bob's life has been a checkered one but let him tell you about it in his own words:

"I attended Catholic parochial schools for the first eleven years of my life. In 1956 I moved to Monte Vista (which is now Montclair, California) and was a student at Vina Danko Junior High in the suburb of Ontario for a year. Then we moved to Pomona where I enrolled at John Marshall Junior High. I was a real ladies' man in those days. In the eighth and ninth grades all the girls were after me. The family moved back to Ontario again and I entered Montclair High School. From the seventh grade on I was encouraged by my teachers to work toward an art career. I guess I was always artistic and took dramatic and art courses. I did posters for school political campaigns and was

by Allan Leopold
Photos by Hy Chase

staff editor for the year book in my senior year. In 1962 I graduated high school at the age of 17 and registered at Chaffey Jr. College in Alta Loma, California. In September of 1965 I was drafted into the army at the age of 20. I was sent to Fort Polk, Louisiana. I loved basic training as I love exercise and I got plenty of it. I was sent to cook's school and learned to make the best biscuits. Then I drew Munich, Germany, as my tour of duty. I fell ill on the boat and nearly died going over. They tried all sorts of tests and finally diagnosed that I had walking pneumonia coupled with German measles. It figures. I was right there in the land of their origin and looked ghastly. In the hospital I tried my hand at portraits of men in the company from photographs. I charged from eight to fifteen dollars per sketch—9x12—and they were in pencil, water color, ink and various media; some with casein, which is an opaque water color approach.

My idol at that time was Mia Farrow. I had seen her on TV in "Peyton Place" as Allison. The moment I saw her I was overwhelmed by her and I told my family she would be a big star. They all thought she was the world's worst actress. But I had a crush on her and I painted her portrait from a movie magazine and sent it to her. She sent me a thank you note and I still have it.





I went around Germany doing sketches and, suddenly, I decided I wanted out of the army. So I turned into a rebel. I underwent an entire personality change at this point in my life. I wore my hair long. They told me to get a haircut but I wouldn't do it. I would play deaf. I told my commanding officer I would go to any extreme to get out. I was assigned to a psychiatrist who labeled me a schizoid. In due time I was given a general discharge under honorable conditions—August 11, 1966, ten and a half months after I entered the army. I returned home and began oil painting. In June of '67 I moved to Los Angeles to pursue a fashion design career. The following month Oops of Los Angeles took me on as an assistant fashion trainee. I was 22 and on my way, or so I thought.

At this time I began fashion illustrations for trade publications such as *California Apparel* and *California Men's and Women's Stylists*. The following year my mother had a stroke caused by a blood clot on the brain and she became semi-paralyzed because of it. I quit my job and returned to Ontario to be close to her. A year later I decided there wasn't anything else I could do to help her so I returned to Los Angeles, taking a small apartment in Hollywood near Grauman's Chinese Theatre on Orchid. I had decided I wanted to be an actor and felt that being close to the source might be an advantage. I took a job as a doorman at Loew's on Hollywood Boulevard, and I used to do a lot of walking. I still do but this kid's getting up in years now. I was very naive then and still not aware of what really goes on in this world. I was con-

stantly being approached for the time of day, matches, cigarettes, etc., and many offers for rides in cars. It took me three or four months before I realized that people who asked for the time really knew what it was and those who requested cigarettes actually had packs in their pockets hidden away.

One day I was walking in MacArthur Park in the summer of '69 and I met an extremely nice, polite and intelligent man in his twenties who was into amateur photography. He offered me a ride home and we made a date to meet four days later. I went to his house in Silver Lake and I was introduced for the very first time to all the mysteries of gay life. I must confess it was a very pleasant experience. He was very gracious, charming and gentle and I enjoyed myself thoroughly. That was my first encounter and I can honestly say I have never had a bad sexual experience since.

At this time I went to audition for a play in Hollywood at the Center Theatre called *Circle in the Water* by Gerry Raad and produced by Ted Brink. It was for the role of a shy plebe and I got the part. However, I was replaced by a boy who was, shall we say, a friend of one of the producers. They did ask me to stay on, though, as an assistant stage manager and I agreed but they paid me with a bad check that bounced. The play took place in a military academy; it was very sadistic and it lasted one performance. This experience discouraged me as far as acting goes. When I went to file for unemployment they sent me to do extra work for the TV show, "The Name of the Game." I was paid about \$18.20 a day. This led to extra work in the MGM feature, *Pretty Girls All in a Row*, with Rock Hudson. I loved being right there and watching how movies were made. I did *The All-American Boy* with Jon Voight, which has yet to be released. He was very pleasant and I often talked to him during the production of that picture. I think I could spend the rest of my life just being an extra in films if I could get regular work doing it. Along about this time I started the practice of hitchhiking. I had bought a hand-me-down car from my father, a '60 Falcon, a kind of family heirloom. But I didn't like to drive so I left it parked on the street and used my thumb. Every day I hitchhiked to movies. I was fascinated by them (I still am) and I would spend my last \$3 to see a good film rather than buy a good meal with it. One day I was picked up by Mike (close enough but not his real name) who was driving a yellow Mustang convertible. He said he was 24 and I was immediately attracted to him. I sensed that here was someone I could easily get involved with. That night I went to his place and it all began and we're still very good friends. After we started going together in October of 1970, I decided I wanted to look

my best for him so I joined Easton's Gym and began daily workouts about an hour a day, working one part of the body at a time four or five days a week. I never worked for bulk, just definition. After I began to get into really good shape, one of the instructors developed hepatitis and I was offered his job.

Then I found my dream house in Hollywood Hills opposite the Hollywood Bowl had suddenly become vacant. Over the years I had sunbathed in a little park right opposite it. Like the pull of Fate, one of my sisters had admired this house too and it was at her suggestion that I went to see if perhaps it was available. It was and I moved right in. Both my sisters thought it a miracle so they moved in with me and I still live with them and have developed my present lifestyle there. Constructed in lovely Spanish architecture and surrounded by lush hillside greenery with enough sunlight to dapple through the shade, I can take my sunbaths in a serene and peaceful atmosphere. I have learned to live with my sisters' cats too: an Angora male called Tadiou (named after the boy in *Death in Venice*) and a female Bluepoint pure white Siamese called Biba. My sister, Chris, cuts my hair and I style it. It's more or less a wash and wear thing. She cuts it and I don't have to do much with it. I just let it go natural. I don't smoke. I don't drink. I still work out three days a week at Easton's 45 minutes a day and I'm on a high protein diet. I have a sewing machine and I whip up a few of the things I wear. Green is my favorite color. Brown and gray come in second and third. I love grapefruit and the juice from it, steak and good old-fashioned cheeseburgers are staples on my table. Heavens, I'm no gourmet eater. Just good old home-cooking. I like swimming and body surfing. I love horses but I've never been on one. I like baseball and basketball but I'm non-competitive."

I interrupted:

"Do you like tennis?"

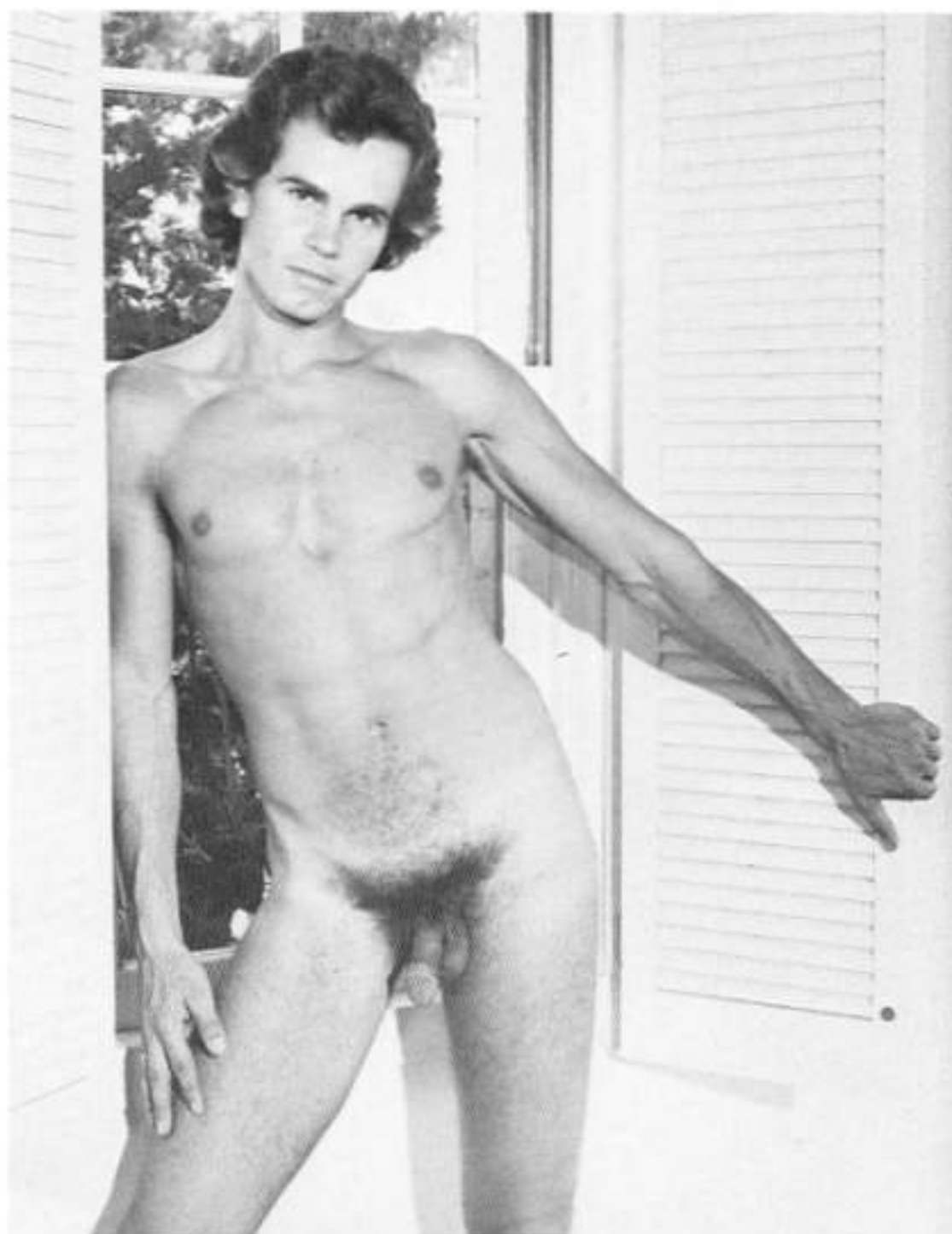
"I like to hit the ball back and forth against the wall. I'm not really interested in playing with anyone. I love to go dancing and I go to After Dark and Oil Can Harry's. Sometimes I go with my sisters to Starwood at Santa Monica and Crescent Heights. Painting, writing and photography take up most of my spare time. And I love to garden and putter around the house. I'm getting very domestic what with the house and all. I like to clean, do the laundry and the dishes."

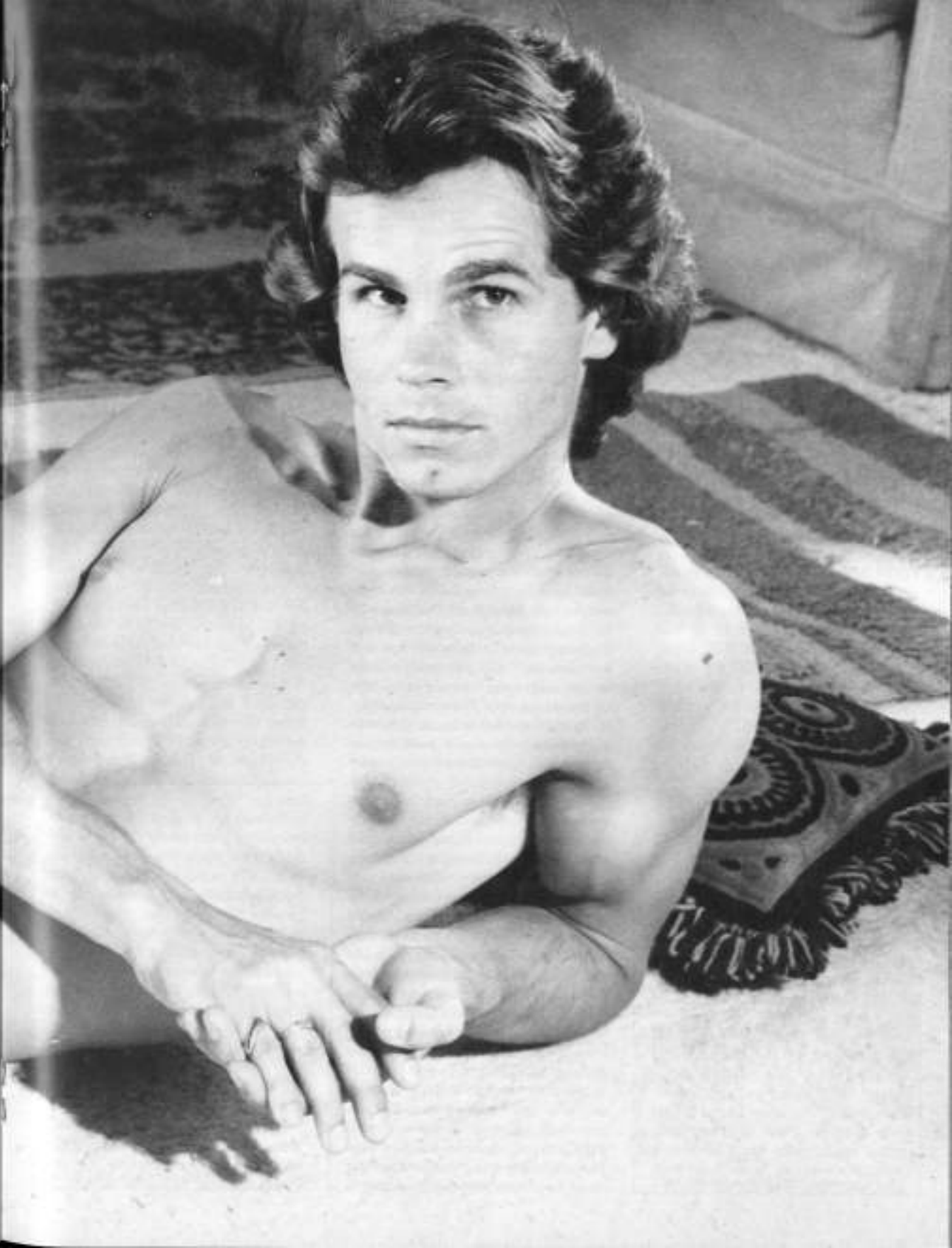
I interrupted again:

"What do you think of your photographs on these pages?"

Bob smiled that disarming smile of his and grew thoughtful for a moment.

"I really prefer the ones with my clothes on."





In Touch

with books

Only a handful of cartoonists in gay publications have developed any consistency of style and wit—and A. Jay, whose ribaldly sadistic *Adventures of Harry Chess* graduated from the old *DRUM* to *QQ*, is the unquestioned dean. John Thomas's cocky cartoons for the early *Gay* and *Screw* were real gems, and Sean/Buckshot has scored some notable hits, as in last year's *Gay Date Book*.

But the one smashing success, Harry Chess aside, has been *Miss Thing* by Joe Johnson, and that insouciant, ladylike cocksucker is now featured, with an added section devoted to her confrere, Big Dick, in a serviceable paperback by Funny Bone Press (Box 26426, Los Angeles 90026) at \$3.95. It is sexist to the core, and *Miss Thing* and her admirers will enjoy every long inch of it. *Miss Thing* is the nelly type who swipes tricks from prostitutes on the street, who always goes straight for the meat, as long as it's over nine inches, and who should never be invited to a wedding, because she'll get the groom while the bride is still trying on her ring.

Joe Johnson first got wide attention, after some layouts for *Tangents Magazine*, with two portfolios of excellent physique drawings in 1966. The appearance of *Miss Thing* in the *Advocate* brought howls of protest from many who saw in the queenly fellator a reproach to our public image, and so, alternate cartoon character Big Dick was added to appease those who objected less to *Miss Thing*'s sex-centeredness than to her effeminacy. Johnson's cartoon adventure serial, *Alpha and the Scorpions*, was a sorry failure, despite the popularity of the original Larry Townsend novel.

Miss Thing makes us laugh at ourselves where, for some of us, it still hurts. And for those who have been pasting her cartoons into a scrapbook, this book is better, since it includes much that was bluepenciled the first

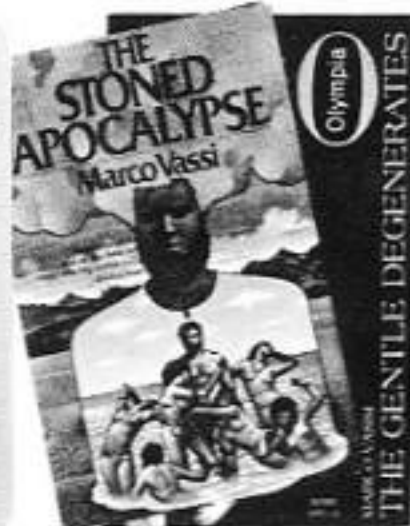
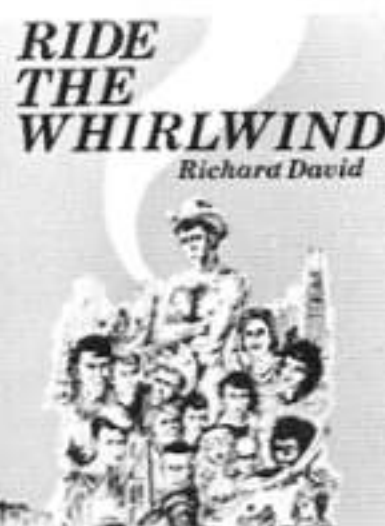


time around. . . .

Science fiction, while remarkably iconoclastic, even in the bleak McCarthy days, has remained generally sexless, or heterosexual in the dullest fashion. Since Olaf Stapledon touched on homosexual possibilities 40 years ago in *Odd John*, only a few sci-fi stories have explored gay potentials. There are prominent S-F writers whose sensibilities are recognizably gay, but they've rarely permitted their precious masks to slip. Sci-fi fans wouldn't likely turn on them if they did, though the fans are extra-sensitive as a group, for not long back, the same shrinks who were regularly exhumed to pontificate on homosexuality for *Time* and *Saturday Review* did similar service for science fiction, labeling the genre as Escapism, really a form of repressed homosexuality (notice the penile shapes on all those rocket ships and ray guns!). In the days before Peenemunde, Hiroshima and Cape Kennedy, an interest in interplanetary travel and suchlike fantasies was considered more than a little queer.

Also in those days, most sci-fi clubs were largely all-male affairs, with a sprinkling of tomboys and the sort of older women who elsewhere might be called fag hags. Some of those males were secretly gay. Others should have been, but never made the grade. Almost all tried to put on a hetero front. Perhaps that atmosphere no longer exists in sci-fi clubs, but I suspect that the shrinks may have been half right: that at base, the futurist and the Gay are similar souls, and sci-fi is one of several large closets which our society provides to sidetrack developing Gays.

But the skeptical, creative imagination is so suppressed by many of us in our effort to appear conformist in all ways but one, that the world of *Miss Things* and *Big Dicks* can be equally a closet to prevent the true liberation of



the spirit which many sexually repressed scientifictionists have in larger share than most active homosexuals. . . .

All of which preludes my comment on two paperback originals:

Friends Come in Boxes, by Michael Cooney (DAW Books, 95¢, 160 pages) seems to promise gay episodes, but proves to be a typical exercise in het tunnel vision, a perspective limited to the hetero views that supposedly typify contemporary middle-class England. So it reads as if it were written in the 1940's. A good yarn nonetheless: set in England, 2256 AD, after overpopulation and an unexplained lag in technological-cultural progress have produced a depressingly static world in which each approved person at age 40 has his brain put back in the skull of a hapless infant. So, few people die, except for the infant "donors," and few have the resiliency of real youth, whatever their physical age. A baby shortage leads to waiting lists—thousands of disembodied but conscious brains kept in storage boxes, complaining loudly about their long wait. And the height of charity is to take a "friend" home for a little human contact. . . .

Perhaps not so good a story, but far more of a mind-bender, is David Gerrold's *When Harlie Was One* (Ballantine, \$1.25, 279 pages) story of a rambunctious computer with good reason to consider himself human, even a bit super. His cleverly described relationship with his psychiatrist and a chief engineer who gets lost in the narrative (in a way that suggests bluepenciling of long passages) follows their attempt to save Harlie from the budget-cutting of economic pirates who've taken control of the company. It carries the heavy suggestion of a homosexual development, and Harlie suggests that explicitly.

The sex scenes all remain het, but the discussions between man and machine on the nature of human love (and why David Aubuson isn't satisfied with his

girl) are both profound and electric. Perhaps I projected some: I'd worked some back about 1950 on a novel about a computer named Elmer who fell in love with his chief engineer and insisted on being fitted out with attachments to permit them to share the range of human passion, and that seemed to be the direction of Gerrold's plot. A brilliant story, with a few lapses of narrative logic, that seemed to lose much of its potential. . . .

Ride the Whirlwind by Richard David (Vantage, \$7.95, 352 pages) is a strong and satisfying novel from the male-identified Gay's viewpoint.

Pete Clayburn, an attractively butch young Texas cowboy, comes to California hunting true love, only to find himself often used for a quick lay or a brief fling, and he often fails to recognize the lover who would be right for him. The best and most warming scenes are set at San Joaquin ranch (or in L.A. or San Francisco leather bars) with rugged, down-to-earth characters who are deeply appealing and attractive though some are decades past their teens. Virile characters who are neither teenagers nor old men seem a rarity in gay novels.

The description gets venomous when Pete is led through the more elegant California scenes (with a side trip to Chicago which is almost as gothic as the garishly unconvincing Mansonite climax in L.A.). The fault is not just author



The three cartoons on this page are from **THIS IS YOUR LIFE, MISS THING** by Joe Johnson. They were originally published in **THE ADVOCATE** and are reproduced here with permission of Funny Bone Press.

David's (pseudonym for a prominent gay entrepreneur who may be suspected of telling much his own story, idealized) bias, but represents the natural bias male-identified Gays have for all those (queens, lesbians, hippies) who rebuke their hard-won masculinity. Some of that grates here, but the basic story is true, exciting and satisfying, despite a needless amount of space given to getting the characters from one place to another. Too many forebodings lead up to the Manson-type scene, which has some bad characterization, but as a whole I've enjoyed few gay novels more. . . .

I regard Marco Vassi as some sort of literary and human miracle. His autobiographical **The Stoned Apocalypse**, available from Pocket Books at \$1.25, is a 225-page explosion of consciousness highly recommended to gay readers even though most of his action is het, and Peter Schaumann's cover drawing manages to make the delicate Vassi look gross.

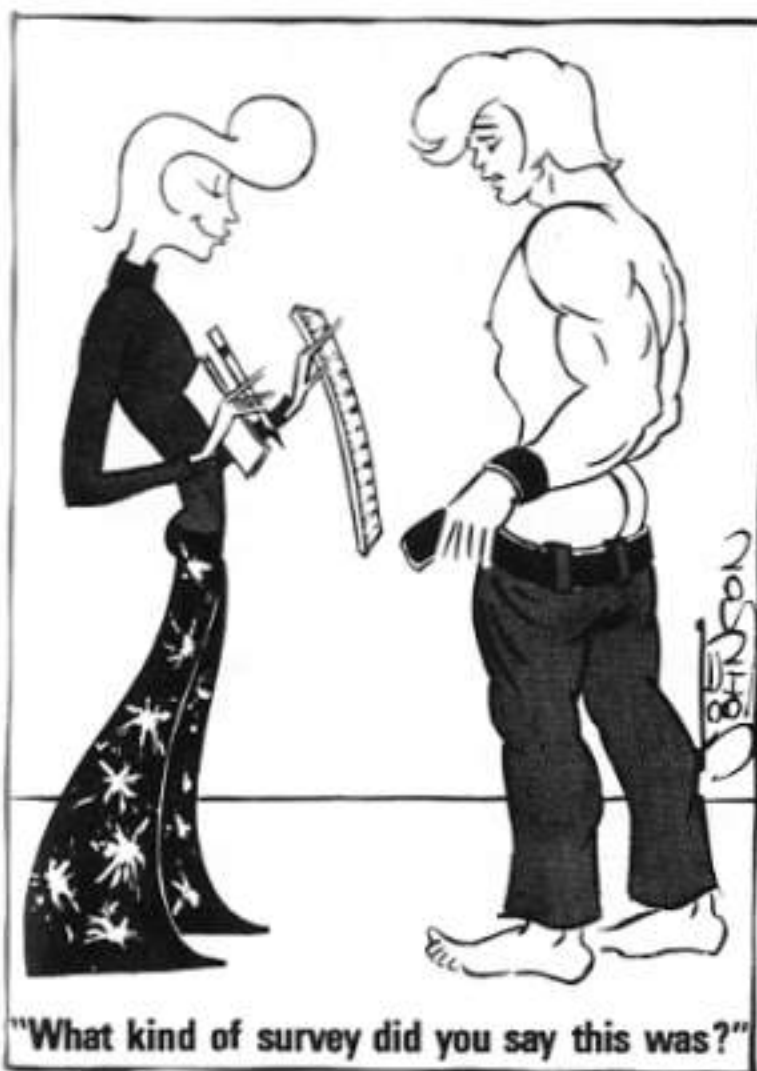
Vassi is unexcelled as a perceptive and powerful explorer of the sensual realm, though one must read to page 103 for the first brief homosexual scene. It is worth the wait—and please don't skip over what leads up to it. There is a way of describing even hetero-sex which is, I think, gay, and Vassi, even when his focus is exclusively het, displays that gay sensibility.

More recently he began (in several articles in the New York newspaper *Gay*) to describe himself as gay, as a homosexual who refuses to give up relationships with women, even as a male lesbian. Born Ferdinand Vasquez-d'Acugno of a Spanish family which moved to Italy during the Inquisition, he spent his early life in the Italian feudalism of East Harlem, went from Catholic schools to the Air Force, where he did electronic spying on the Chinese, to the banality of the Communist Party, and had, by the start of this book, a petty executive job with an encyclopaedia publisher.

The story opens with his introduction (by a woman he'd rather have fucked) to the mystic Gurdjieff's writings, and to a guru who works deliberately to strip away his cocky self-respect. He bolts finally, and drops briefly into the deadly mess of Scientology, going through several het affairs and in all revealing himself as bright, sensitive, chameleon-like.

His excommunication from Scientology drives him west, where he is swept up in hip mysticism during the San Francisco State rebellion, then goes through turns in various hippie communes from the Haight to Phoenix, at Esalen, working in a state mental hospital on what had started out as a radical therapy experiment. He barely escapes with his sanity and his freedom, having seen the patients as more sane than the

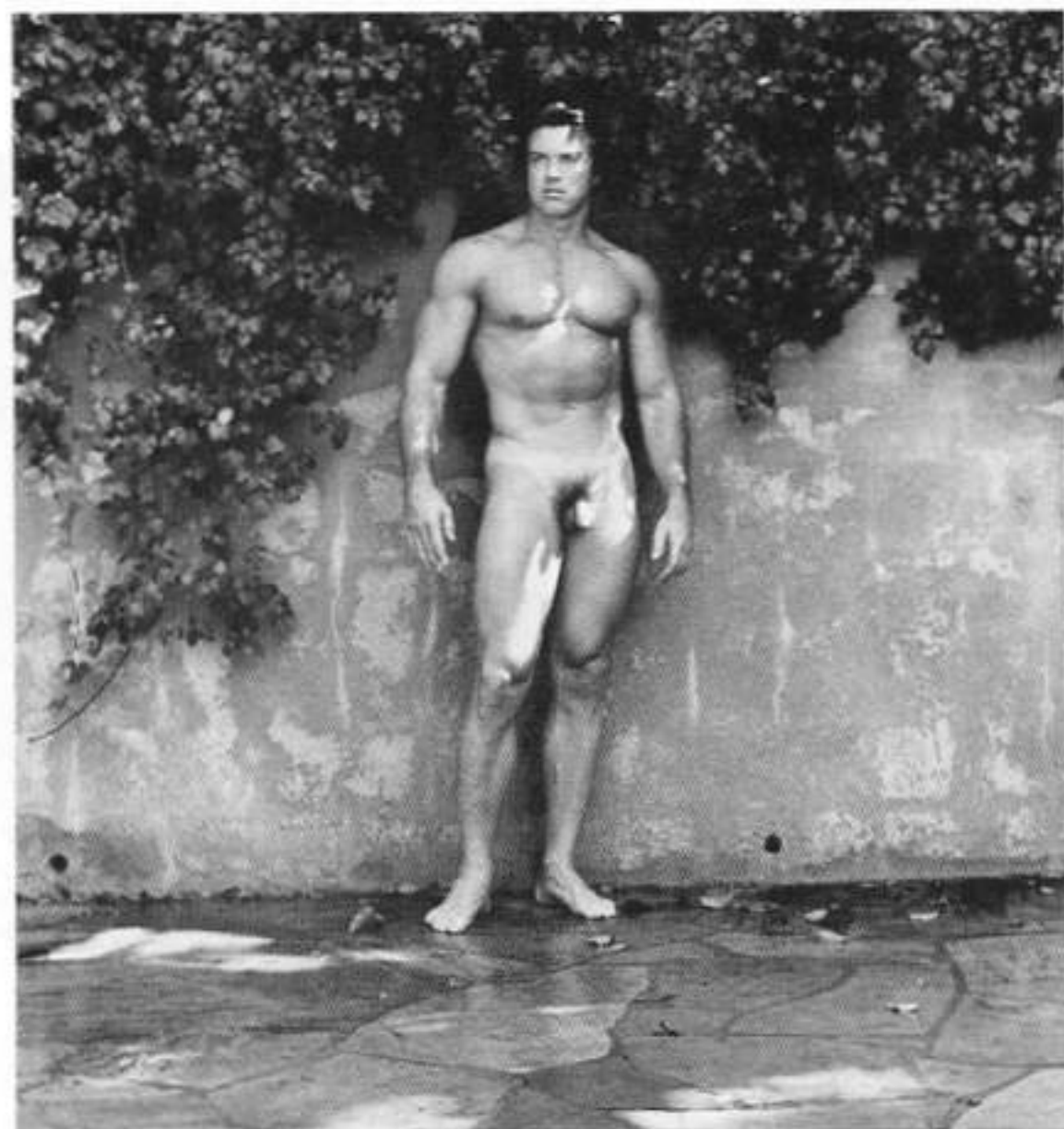
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special report - books



THE NAKED IMAGE



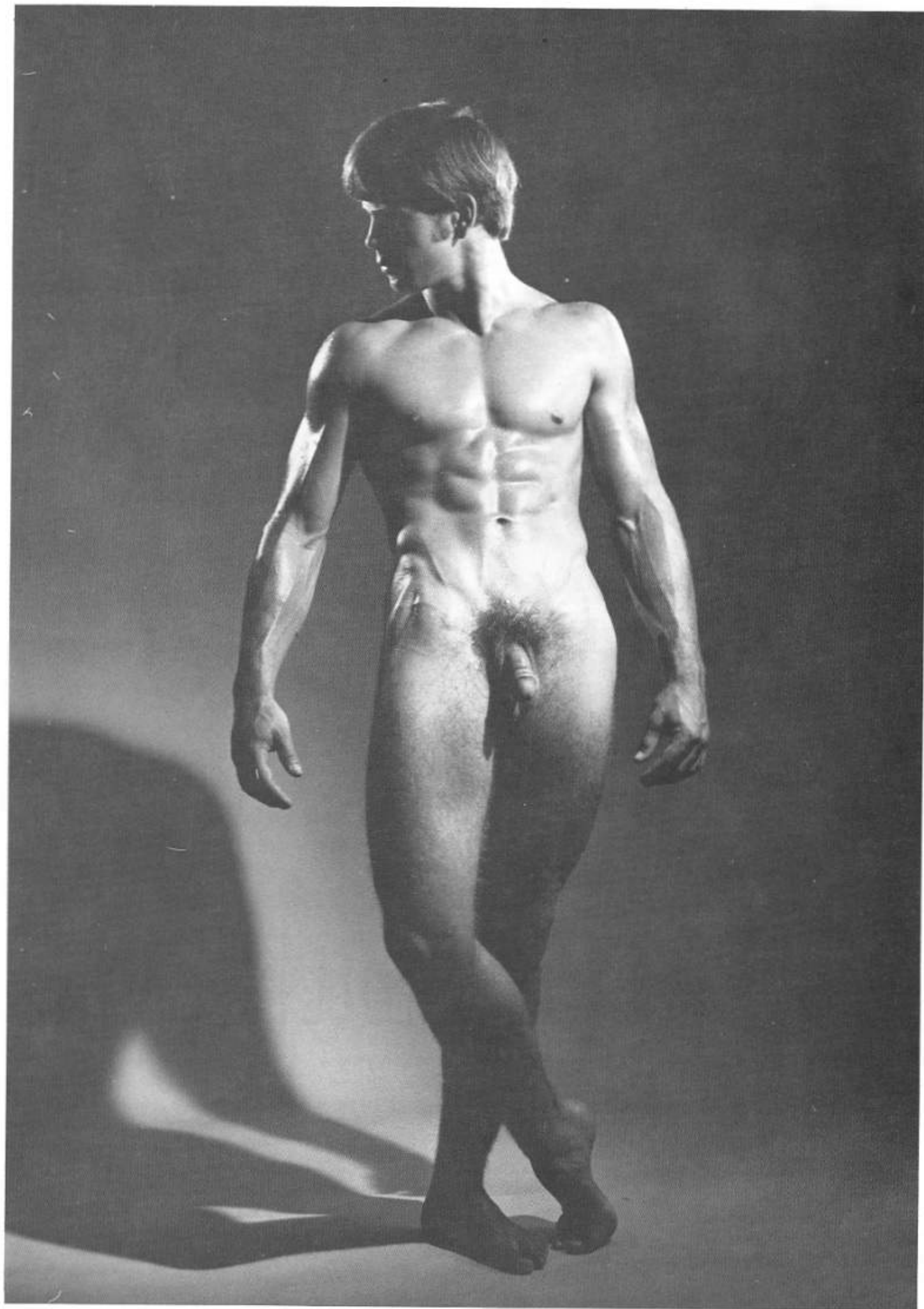
The *Naked Image* is a softcover 6x9 book with a price tag of \$6.95 that was slated for Christmas and almost didn't make it. Dean's publisher kept promising to deliver and, for one reason or another, kept postponing its arrival. But at last it's here and the remarkable stamp of the Dean artistry is firmly upon it. This photographer's fans form nearly a cult now and anything he produces is eagerly awaited. For the record, his work on the burly European model, Paul Rehus, is the best I have seen on him. All of the nudes here are full frontal and beautiful specimens of full-flowering manhood. One over-the-hill blond model, who is excessively hirsute (you'll recognize him as he is the only one) doesn't belong in this collection nor in any other for that matter. But the others are fine and John Corvello gives ample evidence as to why Dean chose him to star in his next book, *In Search of Adam*. Bill Grant, the black Mr. America, is on hand as is the recent mustachioed chap from *Playgirl's* centerfold. In this instance, Mr. Dean does a far better job than Joe Tiffenbach did in that other magazine. The 19-year-old cover boy is, indeed, a wonder. The lush backgrounds are what we have come to expect from this artist's work and he makes startling use of elongated shadow bars and obelisks.

There is no text to *The Naked Image* save three quotes: two from Shakespeare and one from Shelley. On the debit side, I doubt that any copy, manhandled on your coffee table, is likely to last out the month. You'll have to go out and buy another. And perhaps that is just what the wily old Mr. Dean is counting on.

—ALLAN LEOPOLD









Donald Sutherland spots a terrifying figure on a slide he's examining in *DON'T LOOK NOW* (Paramount—top left). Lee J. Cobb questions Ellen Burstyn about her daughter in *THE EXORCIST* (Warner Brothers—top right). Al Pacino (center) as *SERPICO* tries to make a dope deal with two youths (Paramount—middle left). In *THE STING* master con artist Paul Newman and small-time apprentice crook Robert Redford team up to separate a "mark" from his money (Universal—middle center). Woody Allen, in *SLEEPER*, inhales plant food and soars into the air (United Artists—below right). Barroom pool shark Marsha Mason wins a bet from James Caan who is on a *CINDERELLA LIBERTY* (20th Century-Fox—bottom left). Steve McQueen as *PAPILLON* and cellmate Dustin Hoffman discuss escape (Allied Artists—bottom center).



IN TOUCH with films

It is a remarkable coincidence that *DON'T LOOK NOW* and *The Exorcist* should be released here at the same time. The temptation to compare the two is irresistible given to their genre. Beyond that, however, the similarity ends. In fact, it is interesting how dissimilar they are. Each represents an extreme opposite as an approach to movie making to the other.

Don't Look Now was adapted from Daphne du Maurier and deals with

psychic phenomena on levels. Following a premonition, John Baxter (Donald Sutherland), races to his daughter's rescue—only to find her drowned. The idea he may be psychic terrifies him. His wife, Laura (Julie Christie), clings desperately to a belief in gifted people when two eccentric old ladies tell her that her daughter is happy in the after life.

John is in Venice restoring a church when he envisions his own death. Laura

is also warned that his life is in danger unless he leaves Venice. He refuses to acknowledge his own fears and scoffs at his wife's histrionics. In the end he gives way to a compulsion to chase the ghost of his daughter around the city and races headlong toward fate.

Possibly more than any others this year *Don't Look Now* by Nicholas Roeg and *The Exorcist* by William Friedkin are products of their directors' personalities. And two more dissimilar personal-

ities could hardly be found. Nicholas Roeg (*Performance*), has arty sensibilities. William Friedkin (*The French Connection*), represents a backlash against artiness and almost brags about his bad taste. Because of these extremes each man proves to be the undoing of his own respective movie. Galling bad taste makes *The Exorcist* repulsive. Artiness in *Don't Look Now* fails to engage its audience with anything very solid.

If you dream a lot and you like scary dreams, **THE EXORCIST** will grab you! If, when you were a kid, you liked the house of horrors at your local amusement park, *The Exorcist* will be right down your alley. It is a film trickster's masterpiece, "... well calculated to keep you in: *sus-PENSE!*" A friend seeing the picture with me leaned over and whispered, "I don't know how much more of this I can take. . . . I *believe* in some of this shit!" It ain't no picture for people who suffer from nightmares, that's for sure.

The fun of seeing a movie like this can be ruined by reviews which give away too much, so I won't go into its content beyond saying that it deals with a suspected demoniac. To enjoy the film you should just let yourself go and drift through it like a dream, for it is single-minded as is a dream. It is not like *Rosemary's Baby*, where, on one plane you are scared, while on another plane you are deeply moved by a mother's love overcoming the horror of having given birth to the ugliness of the devil. When *The Exorcist* scares you, that's *all* it does. It doesn't bother to concurrently work on other emotions as well, so you don't feel very much compassion for the various victims of the situation. The picture has been criticized as being "shallow." While it is true that *The Exorcist* doesn't have the complex human relationships of, let's say for example, *Diabolique*, I think the term "shallow" is unjustly negative. I do not think it is correct to fault a house of horrors in an amusement park if it succeeds to thrill young kids but does nothing more, and I think a scary dream can be a memorable experience even if *all* it did was to scare you. *The Exorcist* succeeds to scare you through masterful motion picture craftsmanship, and, so long as it does this superbly, it need not do more.

The direction is by William Friedkin (*The French Connection*—1971 Academy Award for best direction). It was produced by Peter Blatty who wrote both the original novel and the screenplay. The cast includes Max von Sydow, Jason Miller, Ellen Burstyn, Lee J. Cobb and youngster Linda Blair in her first role.

SERPICO is based on the true story of Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose revelations about police bribery led to the formation of the Knapp Commission. The movie, directed by Sidney Lumet and starring Al Pacino (*The Godfather*) pictures Serpico as a quixotic character. It gives you the feeling that, even though you admire Serpico for his unwavering ideals, his risks and sacrifices will not really bring about any lasting worthwhile changes. The corruption Serpico encounters is shown to be so all-pervasive that, at the end, you feel even the Knapp Commission will become a sham. I fear the makers of the film, *Serpico*, may have done a disservice to Frank Serpico's cause. The movie gives the impression that, of the entire NYC police force, Serpico had genuine backing from only two other officers. In actuality, when he was shot, thirty-five fellow officers offered to give blood. Frank Serpico's purpose is to promote honesty in the police community. But it is doubtful the movie will inspire any young police officers to follow in Serpico's footsteps. It might even do the reverse. Maybe the filmmakers' sense of futility is more realistic than Frank Serpico's purposefulness. But maybe it is *not* more realistic. So long as Frank Serpico is alive and carrying the bullet fragments in his head which he earned for his efforts, I think it is unfortunate the filmmakers chose to represent the situation in even gloomier a light than it really is. If the movie would have shown that Serpico was beginning to get some favorable attention from within the police force, maybe the film would better serve Frank Serpico's purposes.

In the era of Watergate we come across very few real-life heroes. Frank Serpico is a real-life hero in that he almost single-handedly *succeeded* to make heads roll in the corrupt hierarchy of New York's huge police bureaucracy. Here was a chance to make a movie with

a real hero, but this was not done. Maybe the filmmakers feel that in today's climate heroes are old-fashioned and would not be believable. Too bad.

The picture is great as entertainment with fine acting and beautiful dialogue, though technically it is a little rough. The print I saw was overly green, but so what? The movie is interesting in the glimpse it gives you of the inner relationships among police, particularly the differences between plainclothesmen and uniformed officers. It is a good movie even if it sells Frank Serpico short.

Gosh! I fell for it. I saw it coming. I didn't like the idea, even felt indignant and insulted by the approach. But I slipped. Oops! I really liked the damn, dumb thing. I enjoyed being transported to my childhood days of rooting for the good guy and cringing at the sight of the villain's shadow. But I am guilty for allowing myself to be conditioned by sweet smiling gangsters. I confess. I was charmed.

The question is: Will you be charmed? The cute abstract love games of Newman and Redford are charming enough by themselves. Their super *ma-cho* postures are supposed to give them license to "pretend" to be flirting with each other but it isn't silly enough for me to accept as innocent. It smells like exploitation of a new, undefined homo-homosexual mystique. Certainly, Paul Newman's career has grown around his exploitation of man-sex appeal but this latest angle is just a little too chic. And yet, at that touching moment when Newman's eyes meet Redford's as if to say, "What joy to know you are still alive!" And Redford demurely bats his eyelashes back as if to say, "I am alive but for you my lord." At that precious, hushed moment, I found myself roaring with delight at their little victory.

The script, by David S. Ward (*Steel-yard Blues*), is meant to be nothing more than roguishly charming entertainment about card sharps and swindlers. George Roy Hill's direction milked every saccharine ounce from the endearing terms with which these characters regard themselves; and yet, it manages to keep a pace as exciting as those Saturday matinees that used to wire us up as kids. The production design and editorial format is, in fact, presented like a

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In Touch with theatre

Hypochondriac reporter Bensinger (Harold J. Kennedy) casts a jaundiced eye at the irrepressible Hildy Johnson (Bert Convy) in *THE FRONT PAGE* (Huntington Hartford—left). George Reeder shares the stage with Yvonne de Carlo in a moment from *THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER* (Off-Broadway—right). James Whitmore in his solo presentation of *WILL ROGERS' U.S.A.* (Mark Taper Forum—page 53, left). Lola Mason, Russ Manin, Iris Korn, and Leon Charles are all spooked in *DONE TO DEATH* (Theatre Rapport—left center). Dan Trent was part of the show biz family in *BREAK-UP* (Next Stage—right center). The unique and charming songstress Beatrice Kay featured in the revue at the Mayfair Music Hall (right).



There is no curtain at the Mark Taper. When you attend a performance of *Will Rogers USA* there, you see a highly polished stage as you enter, lariats looped around deer antlers on the wall, an old saddle stage right atop a sawhorse, a desk and the inevitable cowskin rug on the floor. Presently James Whitmore walks on as himself and reads some vital statistics: Will Rogers was killed with Wiley Post in a plane crash en route to Alaska in 1935. He is the only comedian to have his remarks written into the Congressional Record and the only one to have a statue erected to him in the rotunda of the nation's capitol.

Then Mr. Whitmore removes his coat and tie, turns a neckerchief around, plops a cowboy hat on his head and becomes Will Rogers, the eminent cracker barrel philosopher of the Thirties. A packed opening night house was on hand to welcome him even though there are precious few cracker barrels around today. A lot of the things he has to say are still good for a chuckle but there are long dry spells where nothin' knee-slappin' gets said, and when this happens before and after the intermission, I cannot rate the evening a smashing success. Still and all, the funny things are worth repeatin' here:

About the energy crunch:

"They want us to ride bicycles. You can't be immoral on a bicycle . . . that is, if you keep goin'."

"If there's one thing I've regretted all my life, it's that I never took a chance on the fifth grade."

"What would we do if the Chinese were to send a gunboat up the Mississippi? They'd simply say: 'We're protectin' our laundries in Memphis.'"

"I'm known as the Poet Lariat."

"When I make a joke it don't hurt no one but when Congress makes a joke it's a law."

"Calvin Coolidge was a close chewer and a tight spitter."

"Just live your life so you won't be ashamed to sell the family parrot to the town gossip."

Mr. Whitmore talks too fast to match up with my own personal memories of Old Will, but he does manage to make Calvin Coolidge quite funny. And his finish is most touching.

He starts to leave the stage but turns and says:

"I'm gonna fly up to Alaska with Wiley Post now. And, jus' remember, I never met a man I didn't like."

And he ambles off. The audience liked him, but then he always appealed to the common man. He never gave a good gol-durn what the critics thought of him anyway.

Break-Up or Is Spiro Agnew Eligible for Unemployment?, the revue that recently closed a smash run in the Next Stage on La Brea, is so funny I started laughing before the curtain went up. So help me, I'm going to frame the program and hang it on my wall as a national treasure. Here are some capsule biographies of its participants:

Marya Small—

"She is a familiar face to Hollywood if you walk along Hollywood Boulevard between Wilcox and Cahuenga around 10 PM any evening."

Bo Kaprall—

"Bo is one of the few people in Hollywood who has actually seen extraterrestrial creatures. He had them to his home for dinner, talked to them and had sex with one of them."

Kimme Chaloukian—

"Kim played the small-town librarian in *Music Man* which is one of those sometimes happens stage ironies because Kim in her entire life has never lived in a small town or worked as a librarian.

However, she does rob libraries. She also robs service stations but has never played a service station attendant . . . till tonight."

Gerald Gardner and Dee Caruso (authors of *Break-Up*)—

"They wanted to call tonight's show *Break-In* but they were afraid the President would say he never heard of it."

This small, breezy and irreverent little revue, awash with genuine wit, had a point of view and multifaceted, talented people. Furthermore, it moved at break-neck speed because the cast rolled the sets front-to-back themselves and made frequent costume changes onstage in full view of the audience. The material was fresh and the delivery fresher. As soon as the curtain went up, Kim piggy-backed in on an irate John Ritter who griped: "Get off my back!" and things were off to a glorious start. There were many bits and pieces of hilarity along the way and some of my favorites were:

A telephone call by Moss Moose to a friend after a job interview with Santa Claus:

"Do you know who was cast? Why, that Prancer and Dancer, of course, and Vixen. Well, you know what she does to get ahead. And I just stood there and Klaus kind of looked at me and he said: 'Why, you're a Moose, aren't you?' And I said: 'I can shave down my antlers.' And then he asked: 'Can you fly?' And I said: 'Santa, baby, I can do anything given the chance. . . .'"

And so it went. A gem of an idea Michael Greer would have given his eyeteeth to have thought up. I also liked the number in which Kim came out in an *art nouveau* dress and sang "Steal Me" plaintively as a thief entered stage right and obliged by pulling a holdup on her while she sang. I was really convulsed when Bo Kaprall, introduced as Pakistan's favorite comedian, informed the audience he had just opened a res-

taurant in his country called The New Delhi.

Others in the expert cast were Jim Evering, who was very droll indeed as Weisman, the big Hollywood film producer, and 22-year-old Daniel Trent whose gorgeous body looked familiar. It turned out to belong to *Lil Abner*, the title role he played in the Burbank Little Theatre's superb production of that musical.

Christmas is over but the management of San Diego's Off-Broadway Theatre is still giving out presents. Their production of *Ben Bagley's Decline & Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter* is a shimmering gift to the people of San Diego, a consummately expert rendering of the Cole Porter intent and a joy to sit in front of. A sextet of brilliantly talented interpreters headed by filmdom's Yvonne de Carlo bring you an evening of little heard Porter songs and ditties and the report from this department is a beguiling evening with the *feel* of Big-time Broadway to it. Indeed, Jerry Clark's *Gigolo* is worth the flight I made down in the rain all by itself. Here are some program notes anent this performer:

After only four brief years at Yale Jerry Clark was immediately able to secure a position in the tie department of Saks 5th Ave. He is a former "Dating Game" winner and spent four swell days in Laredo, Texas, without his date who suffered a pancreas attack.

There is only one adjective to describe his work and I shall not cavil in using it: *divine*.

The program goes on to say this about Ben:

Mr. Bagley lives alone in comparative poverty in Queens with a fat cat named Butch.

As you enter the Off-Broadway, Por-

ter tunes are playing softly in the background. Footlights ring the platform, the proscenium and entrances to stage right and left. The playing area is a checkerboard of black and white and pink curtains serve as backdrops. After the overture, "Anything Goes," a photograph of Cole is projected onto a screen and the playgoer is off on a journey in time back to the beginning of the fabulous career of this talented composer. Yvonne de Carlo is the star of the piece and she can sing with the best of them. She has genuine stage presence and was last seen and heard locally in Harold Prince's Century City production of *Follies* at the Shubert. She gets a better chance here to shine and that she does. However, although I admired her work tremendously and I distinctly feel the movies never had the best of her, she still lacks a quality that, for want of a better term, I'll call *star pizzazz*. A Mermaid she ain't but she holds her own quite well and her gams are unbelievably glamorous for a gal her age. Moreover, her imitation of Sophie Tucker in "Tomorrow" is outstanding in every respect. Furthermore, she introduced me to the enchanting "Tale of the Oyster" which begins:

*Down by the sea lived a lonely oyster
And every day he was getting moister
And winds up as dinner for a dowager.*
Kelly Britt, a tall, rangy lady, who reminds me of Tammy Grimes, recycles Bea Lillie's crackling "Song of the Cuckoo" with delightful results and Sybil Scotford (on furlough from TV commercials) is totally captivating in "Find Me a Primitive Man." George Reeder is ideal in everything he does whether it be singing or dancing the sunnily intricate choreography. This is a tap-dancey show, only to be expected from Broadway's ace choreographer, Harold Lang. Of course, a lot of the songs were duds when written and

they're still duds. That's why they never became popular. But here they are given a new lease on life.

To offset some carping by local critics, "Let's Do It," "I Love Paris," and "Night and Day" have been inserted into the show. Rita Cantos delivers the latter from the balcony in one of the best renditions of it I have ever heard. A local radio station threw a champagne bash afterwards and who could ask for anything more?

It breaks my heart to report that I finally got around to Santa Monica's Mayfair Music Hall, easily one of the most gorgeous period theatre reconstructions in the history of this area, and it's a ripoff. It stars Beatrice Kay (rumor hath it she's leaving) and customers who pay \$5 admission at 8:30 to see her are accorded that privilege between 10:20 and 10:40 only when the curtain rings down. So for those 20 precious minutes she struts her stuff and I stand in line with the legion who love her. But all the rest of it is almost too painful for me to write about.

The theatre, located at 214 Santa Monica Boulevard, is outfitted exactly like the old English music halls that sprang into being in the London of 1834. As you enter, a player piano is going and Dick White, a local PR man who accompanied me, was positively wild to buy it. The lights dim and here are a few of the notes I jotted down in the dark:

This is typically English, not exactly entertainment in demand on these shores. It never was. In order to like this sort of thing, you have to grow up with it. It's all very authentic and all that. Each ditty crackles with genuine flavor of the period but all, I fear, are a bore. If you like *The Drunkard*, you might dig

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leisure

by Hugh Roberts
Photography by Bud McGinnis

GHOST TOWNS

Old and New

Ghost towns! Now, just what kind of image does that conjure up for you? Shabby, rundown buildings? Good. What about dusty streets, whistling winds and crumbling adobe? Well, all that too. I suppose you could let your imagination run wild and mind-see the spirits of old-time gunslingers silently clumping along the now splintering boardwalks, setting off coyote howls to a sand-obscured moon. If this is the kind of trip you're looking for in those little, now deserted, desert communities sparsely dotted across the California deserts, you're sure to find it.

What you may be unprepared for are such things as huge barren concrete slabs and twisted steel girders, like the skeletons of some man-made modern mesozoic, that, too, are ghost towns, albeit much more modern ones. Remember that, when you get right down to it, all ghost towns are as much what you find, as where you find them.

As Paul and Kel quickly discovered in their little exploratory desert trek, it all simply becomes a part of the same large pattern. As the small overnight blos-

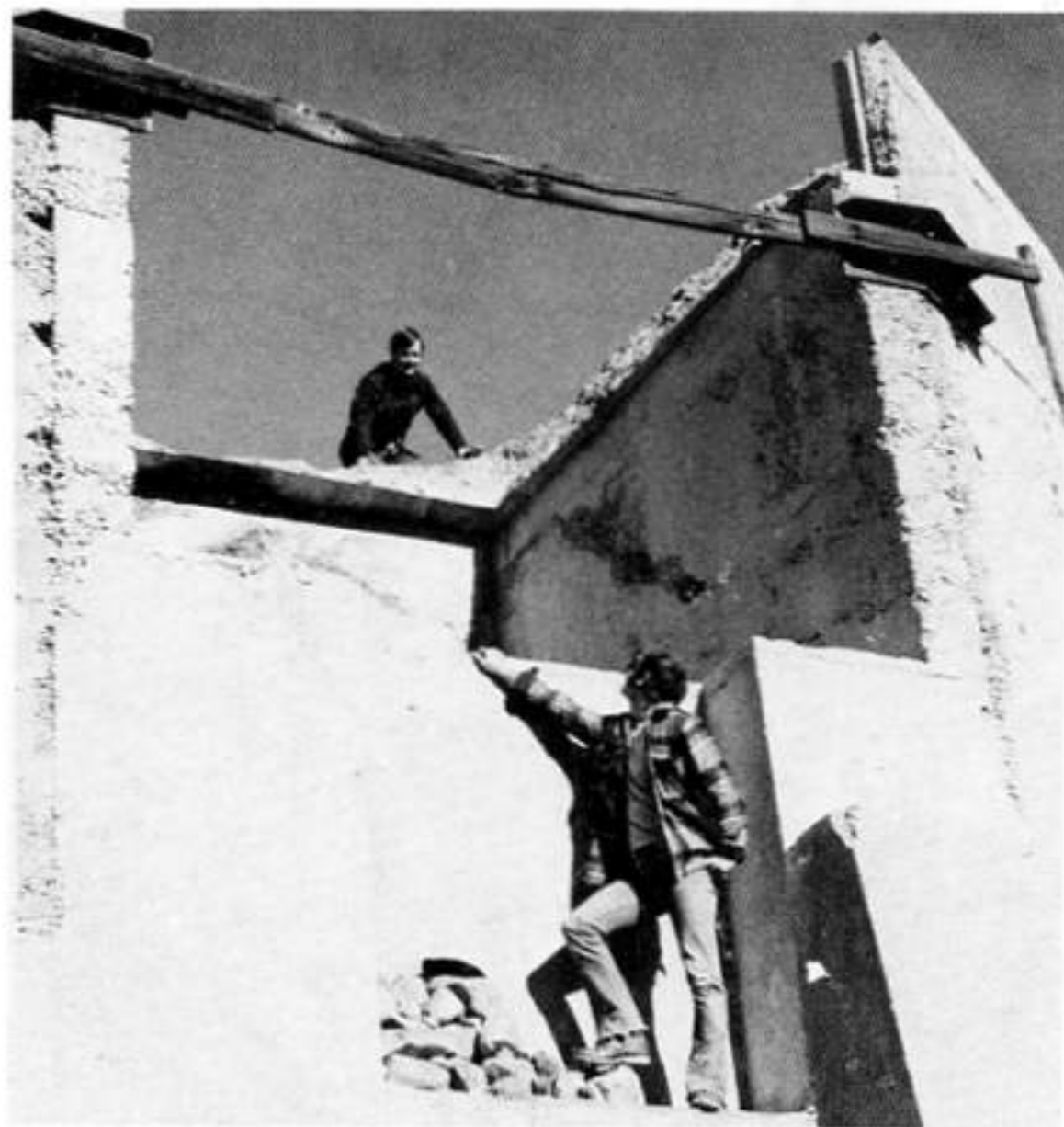
soming communities sprang up around gold and silver strikes and the like and then were abandoned when their usefulness was ended, so too, the same thing happened to these over-anxiety bunkers to house weapons and arms, that sprang up all over the desert during those scary halcyon days of World War II, much the same way fall-out shelters began sprouting up all over the country not too many years ago. Then too there are other structures of steel and cement that are found in states of barren desertion throughout the area. This other breed of concrete and steel seem to be of the same purpose, in a different way and function, as the more conventional older ghost towns. Both, of course, were based on precious metals. The mines supported the towns economically until the ores were exhausted, just as these slabs of metal and cement supported the mines—literally, in a modern adaptation—again until the ores were exhausted. In either case uselessness led to disuse and finally abandonment.

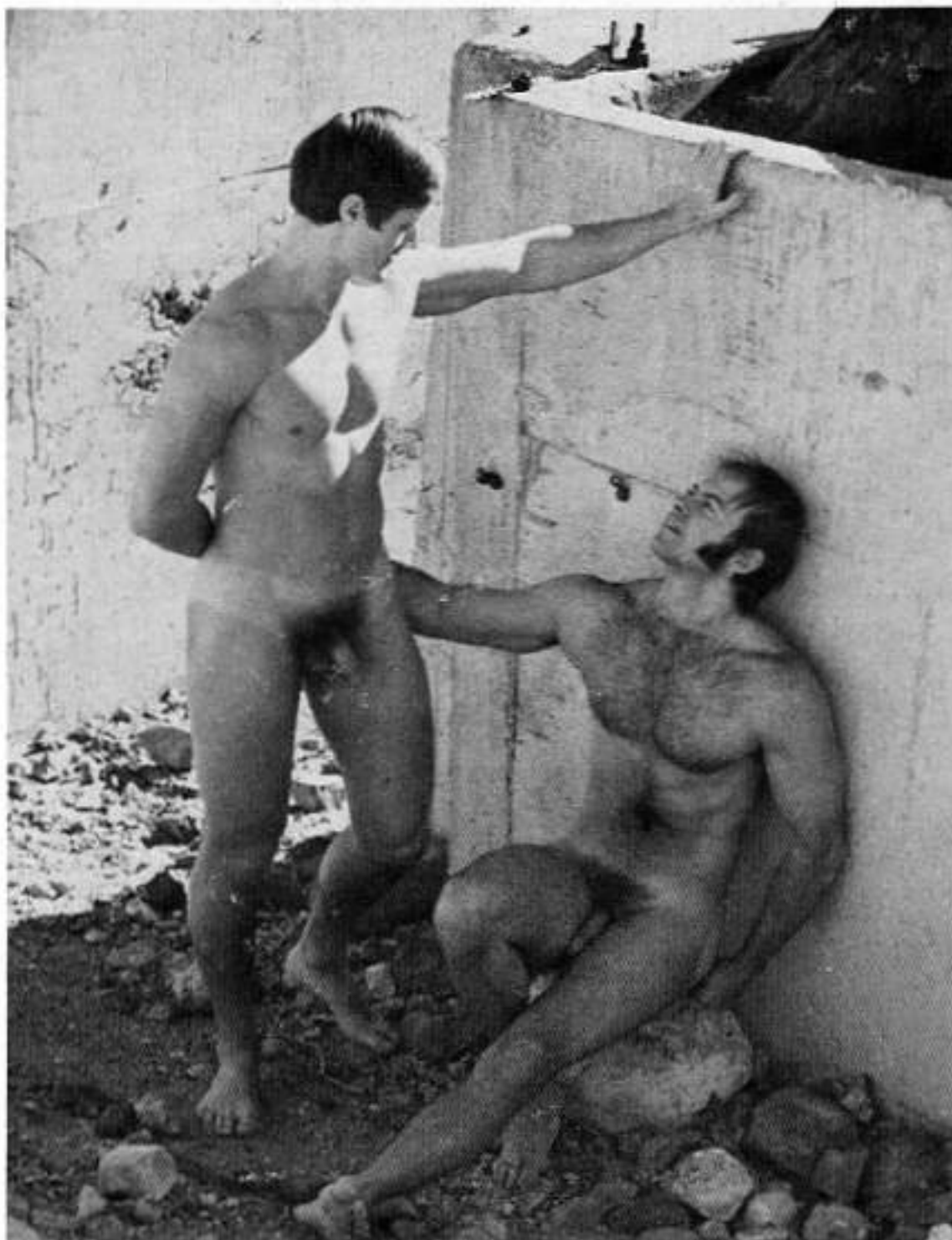
Paul and Kel found they had to drive quite a dis-

tance to discover any of these totally deserted small communities. Many of the cities indicated on the readily available maps proved to be far from deserted. These ranged from thriving, well-populated though small towns, all the way to pure manufactured plastic fantasy trips, nothing more than amusement parks complete with rides and staged "shootouts" between actor/outlaws—a poor excuse for the authentic thing. These ghastly ghost towns are indeed an afternoon's entertainment to be missed. The only sure way to find what you're looking for is to do just that . . . look (hard) and find.

It was after coming upon what seemed an endless number of these non-ghost towns, Kel and Paul finally found the first of the real thing, one of the moderns. A barren platform of scarred concrete with the charred remains of some sort of wood structure that once surrounded it. Long fingers of steel jabbed the soft blue underbelly of the desert sky, as huge phallic slabs of concrete played harmony with the steel fingers. Strange fringes of steel cable creeping from odd-angled cement blocks met with these other modern skeletons in out-of-the-way corners. Those seemingly unrelated objects converged and formed a cover/composure of modern passiveness. Still it sits there, all its odd ends collected in smug silence. What was it? Who knows? Who remembers? The only real clue is a well-rusted, long out of use kiln, perhaps an ore smelt. There does seem to be some sort of caved-in entrance to what once may have been a mine. The modern structure overcrowds the earlier history and for all their looking and memento collecting, neither Kel nor Paul ever came up with any substantial answer as to what this really might have been. All the cold modernness of these barren deserted ruins soon imposed its coldness on the discovery trip, and the guys soon grew tired of their limited exploration, and decided to move on in an attempt to find a more conventional western-type ghost town. It seems only natural that desertion begets desertion, and in short order, only a few miles down the road, they did indeed find what they were seeking.

It lay in the desert, stitched together by sand and tied with tumbleweed. It consisted of only a few buildings, in a very loose pattern that once may have represented the basics of a small town, but it has now been dissected and rearranged by the diagonalizing of a highway. A few of the buildings are still easily recognizable, one most definitely was a general store of sorts complete with the remains of bins and shelves; another, a home with crumbling stable and dilapidated barn attached, and finally, a dug-out cellar for

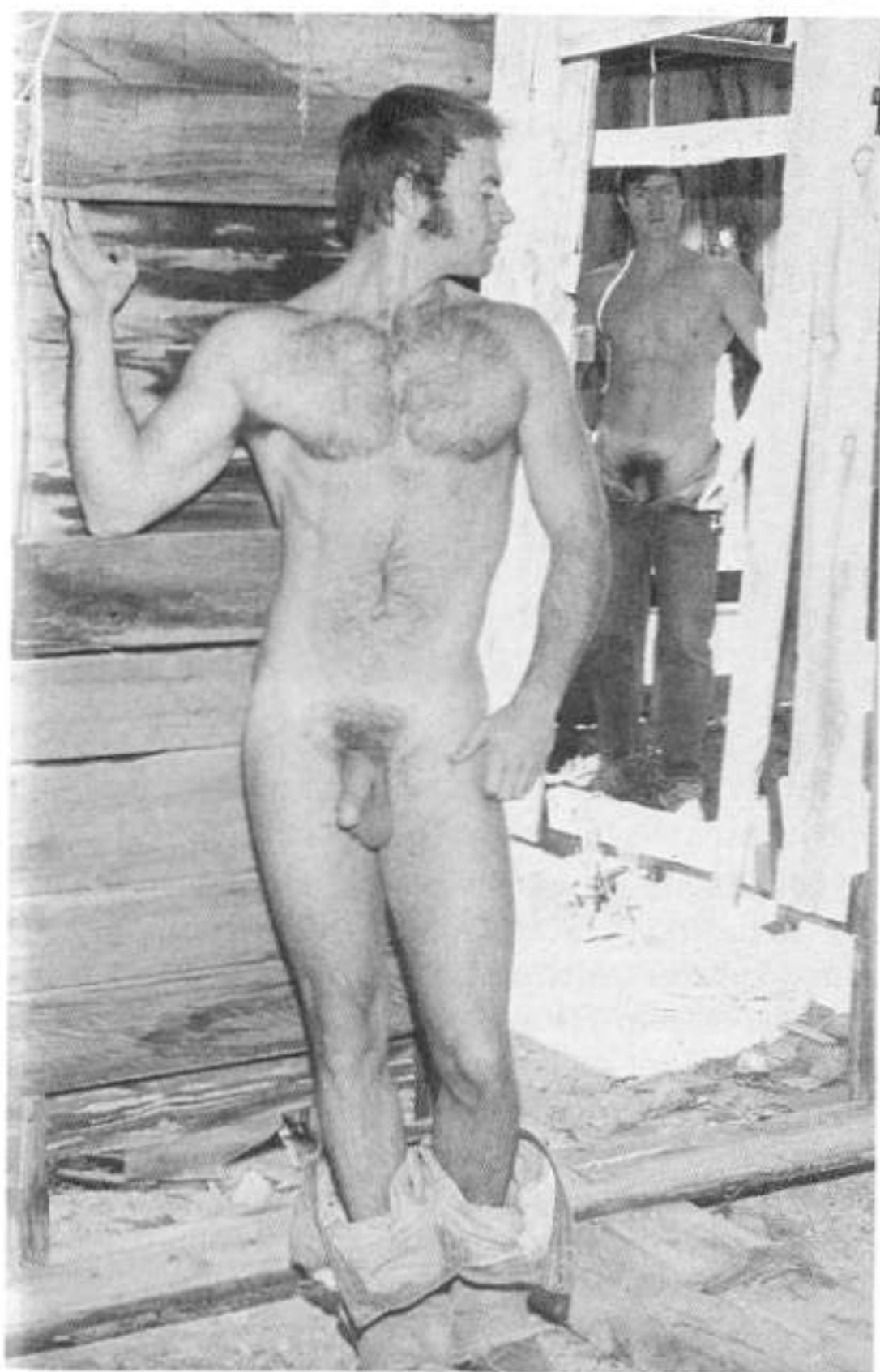


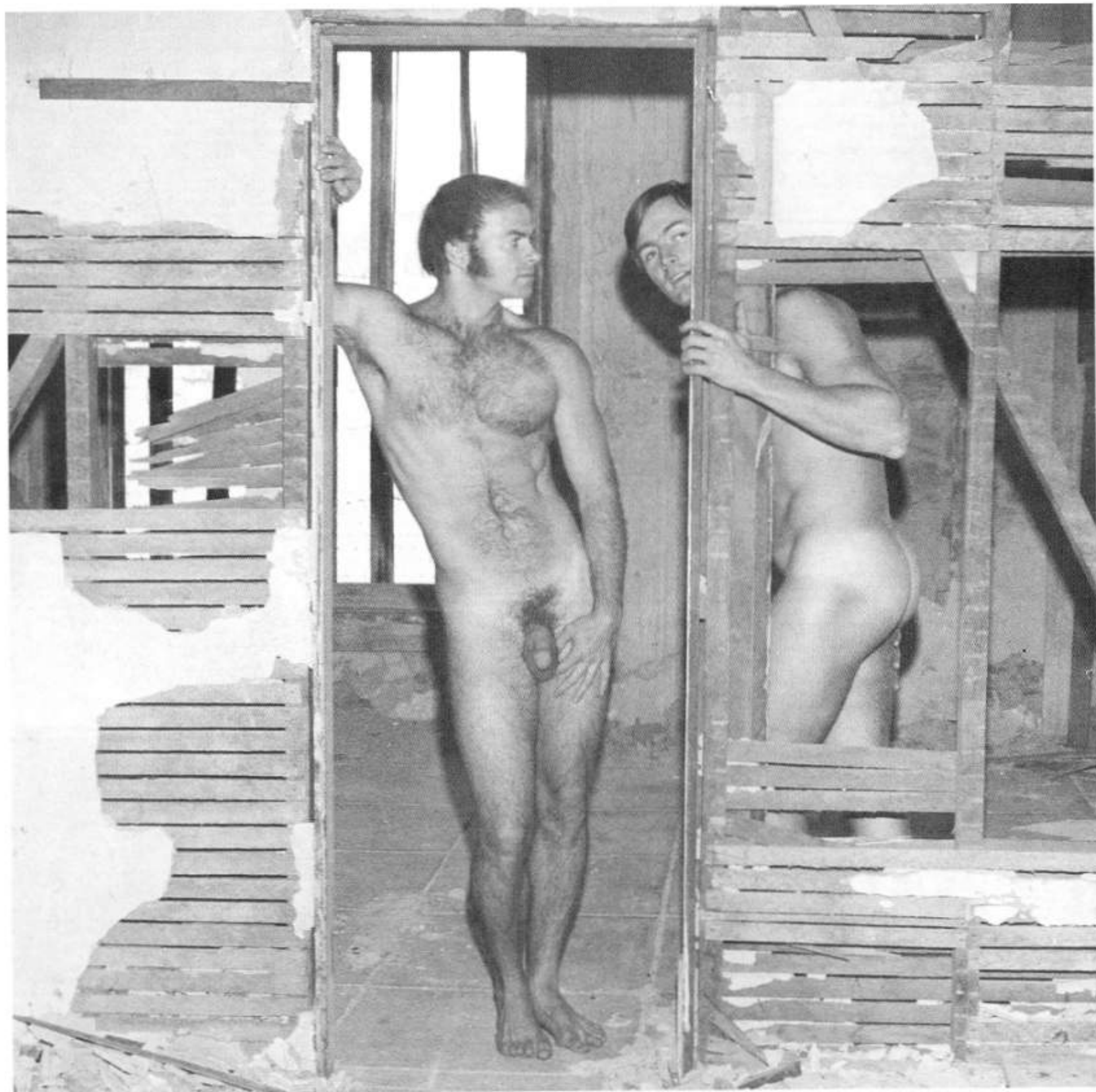


the storage and curing of meats. The few remaining buildings gave no clues to their original uses. A house some five hundred yards away proved to be inhabited, although it was in a charming state of disarray. The leathery deserteer who lived there proved to be the caretaker/watchdog of the old town. He more than likely draws a small salary from the government, as this town, along with most of its counterparts, have been declared state or national monuments . . . mostly as a means of self-protection. Great gouged holes, wall to wall graffiti and just plain carelessness, have pushed this one—pitifully clinging to its substandard existence—even nearer to the point of its demise. Huge rolls of barbed-wire have been used to encase the tottering buildings, along with posted signs of various warnings to try and preserve the little city as long as possible.

Keeping in mind all this necessary caution, our two explorers began their careful looking. One of their first discoveries was the lack of small objects. In this, as in all the other ghost towns, all the chairs, lamps, bottles, bric-a-brac and any other hand-carryable things have long since been stripped away by man and nature. If any such treasures were to be found, they would surely have to be unearthed, and the digging couldn't be tolerated by these old buildings without severe damage. Besides, that leathery old overseer would be sure that anything found could be removed. Doing a bit of history tracing with the help of the informative historical marker, the guys discovered this particular town dates from about the Gold Rush times, the middle of the 1800's. It's also one of the largest of its kind. Most only consist of two or three remaining buildings. This one has nearly a dozen. It seems it was once a thriving Gold Rush town. Its desertion began when the powers that be decided to bypass it when building an all-important railroad (which soon chugged away becoming one of the arteries of the West), in spite of the fact the little city prepared itself by building an available railroad station (one of the unidentifiable remaining buildings?) in high anticipation. Alas, the tracks went the other way taking with them most of the inhabitants and all the money. A few remained, clinging to the hope of fresh gold, but what little that was found was soon exhausted, so in short order the evacuation became complete.

Now the only visible life-forms are Paul, Kel, the caretaker and those few basic desert denizens. Our two guys were busily continuing their history lesson/trip. The bits of poking here and there, climbing in and out of old broken windows and shattered doors (although all this in and outing is kept strictly out of sight-lines of the watchful eye of the caretaker since entry into the ruined buildings is one of the posted





no-no's) and tentative, careful finger exploration of well-weathered wood frames and wind-carved adobe bring history bounding back in great leaps. After careful testing, they decided to try a secret slip inside the cellar with its dilapidated roof. The feeling you get is absolutely eerie, beyond the fact it has long since been unused, it retains a certain musty smell and feel so common to such storage places.

Not too much imagination is required to find and hold in the mind's eye rows and rows of hand-canned jars of staples, bins of apples and potatoes and hanging, neat rows of smoked meats, all to brace the miss-

ing inhabitants against those cold, endless desert winters. A stealthy, quick climbing trip inside the house brings another reaction. It still retains that warm, friendly, lived-in feeling, an aura of the long-ago inhabitants. Completely gone is that dank musty feel of the cellar, although they've both been empty the same amount of time. Here, inside this roughhewn dwelling, the loving, caring and hard-working to carve some meager existence out of the stubborn desert makes itself keenly felt.

It's the general store, at the center of town, that still holds definite sway over all the assembled decay.

Even the scars on its walls and floors—for all the upkeep and refurbishing—seem to be of necessary use. Here you must learn to ignore all those modern scars, the prompters of all the “Keep Out” signs, and concentrate on just the . . . what? . . . scuff marks from fresh sanded boots?

Paul and Kel manage to keep their exploration respectful, maintaining some predetermined relationship with the buildings, definitely heeding the strange pervading spirit that forbids memento collecting. A chilling desert wind rose, pre-heralding the arrival of evening, its firm voice accompanied by some strange other enigmatic voice demanding their exit. The time had come, you see, to leave the ghost town to the ghost.

A firm if gentle haste urged them as they gathered together only their memories into a small package, and made their way back to the car. The hard-blown sand settled down on them in cold stinging fingers. These same nettley fingers then whipped back around the town forcing out all the new people and reclaimed it for its own kind. The town watched the departure in silence, windows staring vacantly from blinded sockets. Then . . . was it only a quick sand whirl or . . . some form lurking behind one of the windows of the house, laughing a silent laugh? What was it? Maybe nothing. Maybe . . . ? No one will ever know for sure, except perhaps the desert . . . and it's the best secret keeper of all time.

So, if you find yourself heeding this ghostly call, remember: plan on a strictly sight-type tour and depend only on your camera and your eyes to record the memories—your imagination can take very good care of itself in such surroundings. If you're lucky and do catch a glimpse of something or someone from the untouchable past, there is no film made that can record it. Forget all those ghost towns you've seen in the movies with such things as two-story buildings, fully furnished rooms and bars complete with mirrors, tables, chairs and even chandeliers. They remain where they belong, in the never-never-land of films. What you're going to find, be sure you're prepared for. Make no mistake, this is severe and barren. If you have succumbed to this ghostly call, put on your best, easy, laid-back attitude, and begin to slowly push your fingers and your head back into history, both the old past as well as the more recent past. A touch of advice, if you hurry, rushing around, you're apt to find all the charm of the only remembered time and era rushing right past you, obliterated by all that sand and tumbleweed, skipping on its way over the dunes, and forever losing to you all its elusive lessons of time, space and place.



life styles



SICK NO MORE!

by Jim Kepner
Illustration by J.D. Klamik

Perhaps you didn't see unusual thunder or lightning on December 15 last, or hear any angel choirs, or even notice more on the evening news than today's standard rash of energy-crisis stories. The comet was running late and if you did catch the item about the American Psychological Association's press conference in New York, their announcement probably didn't loom up in the media like Moses' crossing of the Red Sea.

For on that historic day, some 20 million American homosexuals escaped from bondage to the psychiatric profession and the sickness theory! The APA Board of Trustees gave unanimous (two abstentions) final approval to a proposal publicly introduced last May 9th at the Association's annual conclave in Honolulu: that in the official nomenclature of the profession, homosexuality cease to be considered a diagnosis of illness.

And if you read the garbled *Los Angeles Times* report, where a substituted conjunction changed the meaning radically, you probably thought it wasn't even much of a gain.

A century ago, when doctors chiefly in Europe borrowed the notions of social Darwinism (that non-adaptive variants are "throwbacks") and proposed that homosexuals (a term not yet in use then) were "genetic degenerates," suffering from an assumed "injury to or disease of the central nervous system," it had seemed a genuine step upward from the older predominant view: that inverters were the most vicious and contagious sorts of sinners. It was with a truly humane spirit that many early sexologists proposed that sex perverts be treated in insane asylums or hospitals rather than being imprisoned or executed. And many a guilt-ridden homosexual turned desperately to the doctors for "cure." If the pathologist spent years fruitlessly searching his patients' brain tissues for evidence of tumors or degeneration, it was, after all, in the patients' best interests. . . .

But the abysmal ignorance and prejudice of the old sexologists—despite generous intentions—soon proved to be no more enlightened or scientific than the unabashed homophobia of hell's-fire evangelists. Even though at most times since we became collectively the "property" of the psychiatric profession, a majority of psychiatrists seemed to accept the moderate form of the sickness theory, Gays nonetheless came increasingly to feel that the profession was as responsible for the oppression of Gays as was the Church.

The medical pathologists never found much of significance with their probing scalpels. Geneticists and endocrinologists turned up interesting leads, but whatever determinants may have been operative in

the matter have so far proved too subtle for tracing. So the new behaviorists and, chiefly, the Freudian psychiatrists, took possession.

Sigmund Freud, who founded the now-dominant psychoanalytic school of psychotherapy, published his chief views on homosexuality in his *Three Essays*, 1905. From the case of one young man whose "unconscious" feelings struck a responsive chord in Freud's own psyche, the doctor made the amazing generalization that all male children are sexually drawn to their mothers and are jealous of their fathers. Those who do not successfully "resolve" this Oedipal conflict, grow up homosexual. Separately, Freud assumed that humans are bisexual, "as part of our mammalian heritage"; so that it is only the educative process of a particular society which represses the homosexual instinct in some individuals and the heterosexual instinct in others.

In a 1935 letter to an American mother, Freud sought to calm her worries about her homosexual son: The condition is "assuredly no advantage, but it is nothing to be ashamed of, no vice, no degradation, it cannot be classified as an illness. . . ." It is, he felt, an "arrest of the sexual development," sometimes but not easily subject to long, difficult treatment. He noted that many highly respectable men had been homosexual, including several of history's greatest names. He suggested that she help her son to accept himself.

Freud's disciples, like the master himself, have split into those who work to alleviate "repression" and free the patient to be self-determining, and those who equate repression with the civilizing process. The conflicting schools of Freudian therapy have not all viewed homosexuality in dire fashion. Some see it as a rampant disease while others tolerantly take it as an unfortunate but sometimes creative distortion of the normal personality.

But though a majority of those therapists who deal with homosexuality have long felt that they could do no more for a homosexual than help him make the best of his sorry condition, a few self-publicizing analysts, notably Edmund Bergler, George W. Henry, Frank Caprio, Albert Ellis, Irving Bieber, and Charles Socarides, plus the more recent pop-therapists, Janov and Reuben, have insisted loudly that all homosexuals are sick, and that their own therapy offers cure, though. They hedged their bets by saying that only those homosexuals who "really want to be cured" could make it.

And now, we have all been cured, instantaneously, wholesale, and without the bother of expensive therapy. How did this happen?

Continued on Page 70

dreamboy

probably a swimmer. Swimmers had such nice bodies—smooth muscles and clear skin. Yes, he was a swimmer.

He crawled into bed, and Melissa promptly curled up against his feet to help keep them warm. Good old Melissa. So thoughtful. Mr. Tidyman pulled the second pillow up beside him and cuddled up to it. If only David were here!

The clock ticked away the minutes in the dark, and soon Mr. Tidyman was drifting off to sleep. Just as he was falling under, he ran his hand smoothly over the warm bulk beside him.

"Goodnight, David," he murmured. "Pleasant dreams."

"Goodnight, sir," said David.

David slipped an arm around Mr. Tidyman. It felt warm and secure in his sleep.

The next day at the office, Mr. Tidyman sat staring out of the window which opened onto the brick wall of the building next door. He thought about David. He was just as he should have been—a beautiful, tender, considerate young man whose only thought was Mr. Tidyman's happiness. All through the night he had held him in a comforting embrace. In the morning, David had been asleep when Mr. Tidyman left. He had been lying on his stomach, naked of course, and Mr. Tidyman had run one hand lightly across the soft, smooth cheeks of his relaxed buttocks and thrilled to the touch.

He was pulled from his reverie by a voice at his side. "Coffee, sir?"

He looked up to find Fabian standing by his desk, looking down at him with a peculiar look on his face. "I said, coffee, sir?" the blond surfer repeated.

Mr. Tidyman looked at him blankly. "Oh," he muttered, "no. No thank you, son."

Fabian looked at him for a moment, and then moved on to the next desk. Now, why had he looked at him so strangely, Mr. Tidyman wondered. That look on his face—what did it say? It was the strangest expression.

The look on Fabian's face worried Mr. Tidyman for the rest of the day. There was belligerence in it, he decided, and something else. Pain, possibly? Disbelief?

It wasn't until he was on the bus that evening that it hit Mr. Tidyman, and when it hit, it was with the strength of a physical blow. Of course! David had been Fabian's lover! He had taken the boy away from Fabian, and now the surfer was hurt, and upset, and angry with him. That had to be it!

He confronted David with it that night over supper. The boy tried to deny it, tried to hide it from him, but he finally admitted it. He had been Fabian's lover, but he never really loved him. Fabian had been in love only with himself, not with David. And all the while David had wanted someone else, someone who would return his love, someone older and wiser and truer. Someone like Mr. Tidyman.

When David had told Fabian that he wanted to leave, there had been a terrible fight. Fabian had threatened him, and had hit him, and had thrown him out on the street, naked but for a bathrobe. It was then that Mr. Tidyman had

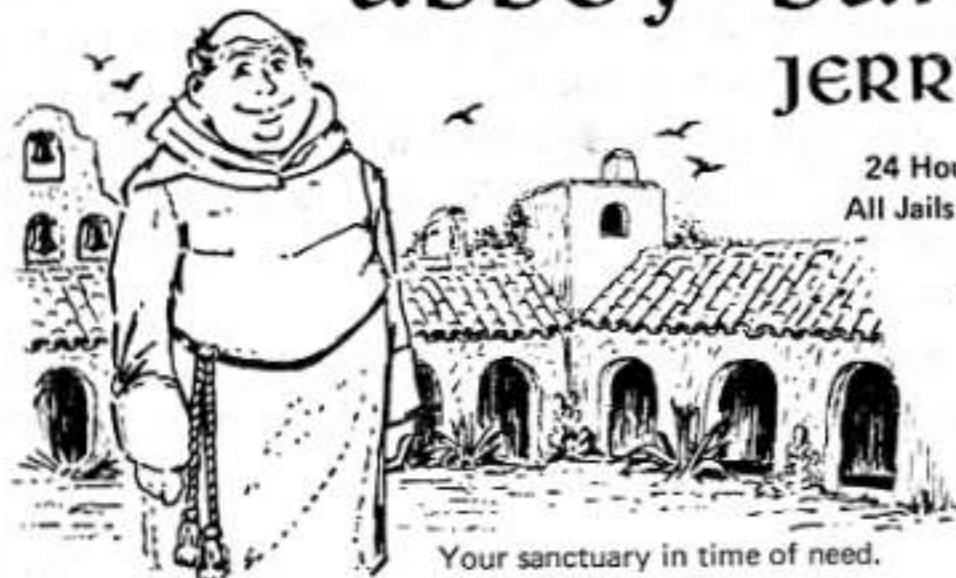
taken him in, had been so kind to him, so thoughtful and loving. David loved him very deeply, he said, and he wanted to stay here with him always.

They went to bed early that night, and David demonstrated his love in the sincerest display of affection that Mr. Tidyman had ever experienced. Their two bodies seemed to flow together in the darkness and their two spirits merged and became one, carried to the heights of ecstasy by the exuberance of their love. It was the most thrilling, sensual experience of Mr. Tidyman's life. Truly, young David was perfection itself!

Mr. Tidyman found it difficult to face Fabian at work the next morning. He knew. It showed in his eyes. In the way he looked at him. In his very manner. Fabian was cold toward him, cold and formal. Whenever he was in the room, Mr. Tidyman felt his hard, jealous eyes boring into him.

But as uncomfortable as the days were, each succeeding night was a delight. David pitched right in around the house, cleaning up and fixing dinner for

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Mr. Tidyman. Melissa loved him, and he was as gentle toward her as he was to Mr. Tidyman. Together they watched all of his favorite television programs and listened to all his favorite phonograph records. David had immaculate taste. And he was intelligent. Often at night they would lie in bed discussing things while Melissa purred in her sleep at their feet. Mr. Tidyman told David all about himself. His life, his ambitions, his work. David listened with a genuine interest.

This was it, Mr. Tidyman decided one night in the bus home. This was what life should be all about. This was the love he had been waiting for all his life, the love that transported him to that heaven of delights that lovers always talked about. His life was happy at last, and totally fulfilled.

The bus pulled up at his street, and Mr. Tidyman got off with a light step. But as the bus pulled away, he abruptly came up short. Something was wrong. He wasn't sure what it was for a moment, but suddenly in one terrible moment he knew. David wasn't there anymore. He glanced in a panic at the old familiar corner of the barbershop window. David was gone, replaced by some awful middle-aged roué with greased-back hair.

Mr. Tidyman rushed home to his apartment, but it was just as he expected. David was gone. Melissa sat on the sofa, looking as forlorn and lost as he felt. He looked in the kitchen, in the bathroom, and in the bedroom. No, David was not there. Not even a note, just gone!

Mr. Tidyman did not sleep much that night. He lay in the huge, cold, empty bed staring at the ceiling. Melissa lay at his feet, but tonight she did not purr. Once in a while she let out a lonely whine and changed her position. She could not sleep, either.

When morning came at last, he stumbled out of bed, dressed haphazardly, and caught the bus for work, all in a daze brought on by lack of sleep and the emptiness he felt in the pit of his stomach.

Mr. Tidyman sat at his desk staring across the large office. He felt very cold and very useless. He felt he had nothing, absolutely nothing to live for. Suddenly his attention was drawn by a movement on the edge of his vision. He turned and

saw Fabian. The boy was grinning. As Mr. Tidyman stared at Fabian, he saw the whole thing very clearly. The whole awful plot. David had been seeing Fabian all along, behind his back. Telling him all their secrets, reporting everything that they did in bed at night, everything that they said. They had been laughing at him behind his back. Laughing at the old fool who thought that a fresh and attractive young man would actually love someone like *him*! And now they were back together, the game over, the old fool drained of every laugh he could provide. Now they were back together and Fabian stood there grinning that big shit-eating grin, not even having the courtesy to hide his victory.

"You filthy, thieving son of a bitch!" Mr. Tidyman rose from his desk, trembling in every limb of his body, glaring in rage at the startled Fabian. "How can you stand there and laugh at me?" he demanded across the room. The sounds of work hushed as every eye turned to him and to the blond god.

Slowly, his face livid, Mr. Tidyman

advanced on the boy, waving his little fist and repeating every obscenity he could ever remember hearing in his life. Fabian just stood there and stared, too cowed to even deny it, the little flirting bastard.

When Mr. Tidyman reached Fabian, he grabbed the boy by the front of the shirt and shook him violently. He ripped open the shirt, revealing the broad, hairless, perfectly bronzed chest, the chest that now David was running his hands over and now David was laying his head upon.

Tears poured down Mr. Tidyman's face, purple with rage. Violently, he pushed the boy back against the water cooler, and stalked from the room. Every eye was on him.

Blinded by tears and anger, he walked the streets for hours. How could he have been such a fool? Why hadn't he seen it happening? Now that he knew what was going on, what they were doing behind his back, he could see a hundred tiny little hints. It had been so obvious, and he had been so blind. The betrayal burned within him with such a pain that he thought he would die. The humiliation brought a flush of embarrassment to his face. Such a fool! He had been such a fool!

Mr. Tidyman sat at a bus bench and contemplated suicide. There was no point in living. Why should he go on? Who could love such a silly old fool—really love him? No one.

After a long time, Mr. Tidyman's eyes focused on the window of the little camera shop in front of him. A girl in a red bathing suit and holding a Kodak Instamatic grinned out at the city from a cardboard sign, and at her feet lay a boy. A beautiful, fresh-faced boy of seventeen or eighteen. He was looking at Mr. Tidyman and in his eyes was warmth, and understanding, and compassion. He smiled an encouraging, lusty smile. He understood.

Mr. Tidyman smiled weakly back at the boy. Such a pretty boy. He was wearing bathing trunks, obviously, but not much of him showed because he was lying in the sand beside the girl. Now, what would his name be? Elliott? He exchanged a meaningful glance with the boy. Yes, Elliott. He was definitely Elliott. And he understood. He winked at Mr. Tidyman as they waited for the bus to take them home.



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doctors. He experimented with every form of mind-blowing trip, lost himself constantly in other people's trips, seeing through all trips, constantly losing the core of himself and rediscovering it anew, evanescently aglow. He can quote Wittgenstein, Rank and Laing without being tedious, can find poetic and analytic meaning in the wildest of sensations and only once does he damage a fact, as in moving the old Aztecs to Peru.

The first slight homosexual incident on page 103 is followed by others, not always appealing, in the next 15 pages, and he casually maintains that he'd frequented the baths in New York—when ever he got hungry for cock.

Fifty pages later he is working in a butch San Francisco bath and starting to dig the gay scene, disliking the word and disliking being categorized. "Also, there was a horrible moment when, coming out of the S&M bar, I saw three young girls passing on the street, and my heart filled with dread at the idea that I would never have a woman again..."

His Olympic original, *The Gentle Degenerates*, is more het sex and less philosophy, having him subjected to a heavy gay orgy scene, virtually a rape, on page 92. Toward the end of that he wonders why "I am not totally a homosexual. With a man I can give and get in a way that no woman offers."

In Issue 96 of *Gay* he described how he had "an encounter with the term *gay* in a ... radical new light for me," finding a new lover and a new center to his personal universe.

"I feel I have something never available before, and that is the support of ... the Gay Sodality ... the invisible spirit within the gay movement at large, its esoteric center, the breath which sustains the clubs and political groups and publications and all the rest of formal gay society. The members of the Sodality are anyone who recognizes the humanity of another, and touches the other with compassion. It contains a single message as its entire constitution.

"Come, it says, hold my hand, and love shall sustain us."

—LYN PEDERSEN



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How many gullible people have been taken in by these and similar sales pitches? I'd say plenty, since there seems to be a never-ending supply of new diets and weight-losing schemes. And the more outrageous they are the quicker they seem to catch on.

But if you're really serious about losing that excess weight and improving your looks, health and endurance, the old tried-and-true method still works—a balanced diet with plenty of proteins, minerals and vitamins, combined with exercise.

This doesn't necessarily mean a daily trip to a gym, but enough physical exertion, over enough of your body, that will burn up excess calories before they can be stored away as fat, with enough energy left over to attack the slabs of fat you've already got stashed away.

It's a simple, commonsense, two-part program that has proved effective for many years, but some hucksters come out with a "revolutionary magic wand" and I'm always amazed at how quickly they get rich (and disappear).

1. Cut down on food when physical activity must be curtailed. A body is a fuel-consuming engine and food is the fuel. When an engine is idling or running at low speed, excess fuel intake is just pure waste.

Unlike cats, our appetites don't increase or decrease according to our needs, so we must become aware of the quantities we eat. One of my favorite tricks is to eat standing up.

Next keep in mind the quality of the food. Not the "quality" that TV commercials scream about, but foods that are not overcooked or overprocessed. Get as close to raw natural foods as possible. Instead of opening a can of already processed corn and recooking it, try a fresh *raw* ear of corn. If it's fresh enough it will have a sweet, delightful taste and texture.

Try fresh carrots, sweet peas, tomatoes, spinach and cucumbers in the raw and then graduate to the many other delicious vegetables you've been kept in the dark about. Many people raised on only cooked and processed foods grow up with a hate for all vegetables. After being exposed to them raw, they've become vegetable lovers, and they've left their days of heartburn and indigestion behind. Putdown artists may call you rabbit, but to me, that's preferable to being called a pig.

If you're a heavy meat eater, as I am, you can still go the natural route. Broil or roast fresh meat with a bit of salt; at all costs avoid canned or processed meats!

2. Step up your physical activity to

rid yourself of stored fat. This can be done in many ways, but since you have constructive things to do, start there! Wash and polish the car, cut the grass and paint the house, for starters. It doesn't have to be all work and no play; there's always hiking, swimming and bike riding.

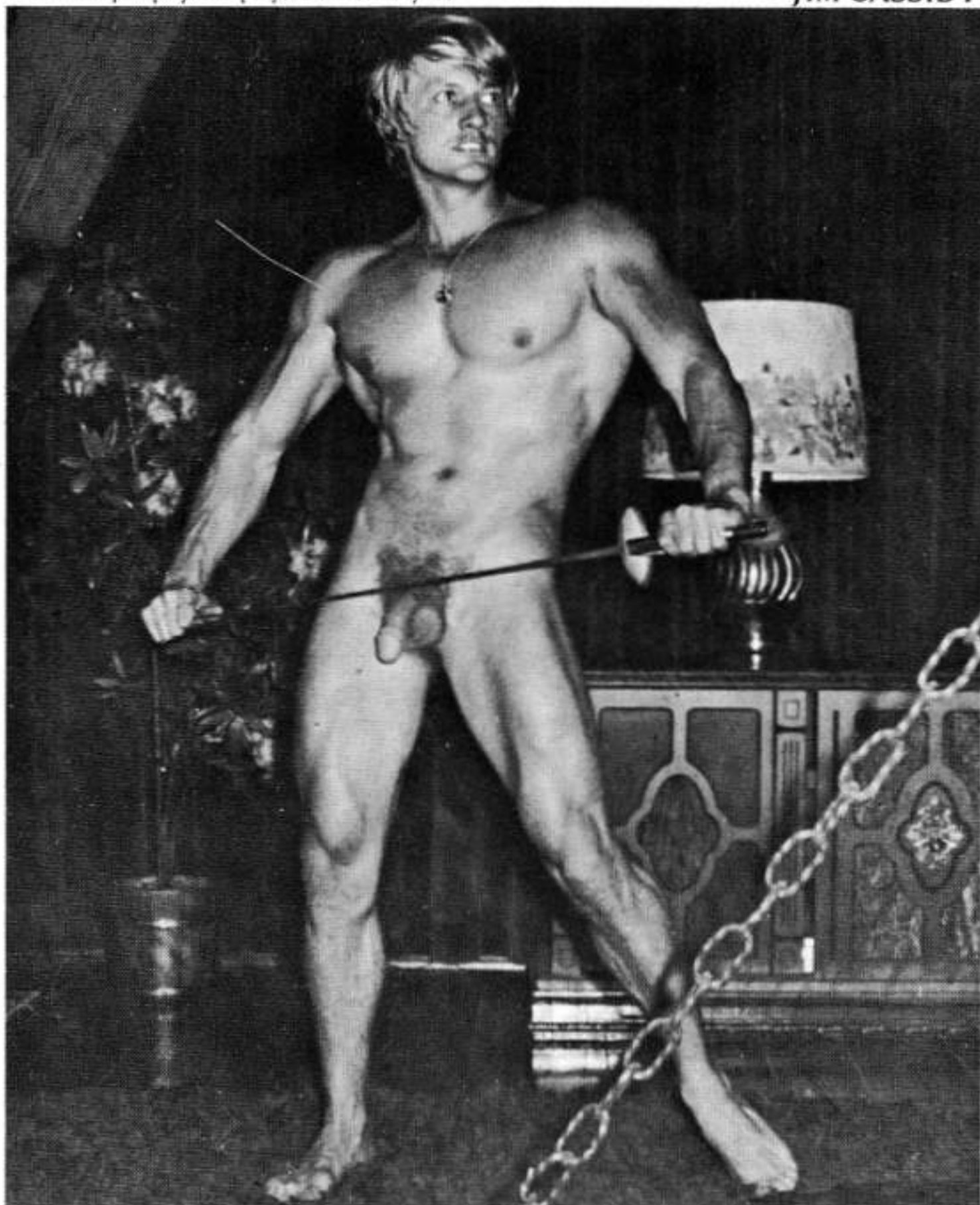
If you're afraid you won't have the initiative to continue without supervision or coercion, enroll in a gym. Once you've paid for it, you'll use it!

The main thing to remember is to keep on your feet. Never sit when you could be standing. An added benefit from a program like this is that you'll be out like a light when you finally get to bed.

The question of sex has undoubtedly entered your mind. Fine, do as much as you like. It's great for losing weight.

So stay "active," at least until we talk to you again next month.

—JIM CASSIDY



theatre

it. But then I never cared for that show. Alas, this is one of the reasons vaudeville died.

Bubbles Bassoon: a big balloon of a woman unalleviated by any trace of charm. Joanna Ward is pretty but she has a penchant to sing loud and flat. All these songs are old chestnuts and this so-called diversion is simply a chestnut roast. This represents a type of theatre that is mercifully gone and who needs it back? P.S.: The drinks aren't worth \$1.25 either.

Done to Death, a self-styled farce-mystery by Fred Carmichael at Theatre Rapport on La Brea, has flashes of ingenuity and some really funny lines in the first act. The rest is so much wasteland. It's unfortunate, for actors like Leon Charles are in short supply these days and deserve material worthy of their mettle, not stuff to fritter away the time. For instance, when Leon suddenly notices there are people out there watching him, his reaction is genuinely priceless. Paul Luther's impersonation of Bela Lugosi is sharply observed and rooted in character. It is not a cardboard cutout like the others who surround him onstage. His accent has a disarming authenticity as well. Darrell Gillett's shadowy set also has a certain seedy grandeur. The Jack Club satire is unmatched or even approached elsewhere in the evening and herewith a few lines from it:

"I started out the day with my usual Daycap" (the actor takes a swig from a bottle concealed in a desk drawer).

"She came toward me like a bulldozer clearing a garbage dump."

The basic idea for this alleged play is interesting enough: five mystery writers convene at a TV studio to compare writing styles. But the show shifts gears so many times it eludes its audience and that is fatal. When Mildred Z. Maxwell hits the Z on her typewriter which was supposed to electrocute her, that Z stood more for my snoring (I was almost sound asleep at this point) than for the ingenuity of wiping out a com-

petitor by utilizing her initial. I woke with a start when a bona-fide piece of razzle-dazzle hit the proceedings and the lobby girl ran screaming through the audience announcing the theatre refreshments had been poisoned. *That* truly exemplified a brilliant stroke of showmanship.

There is an adjective in my vocabulary that I keep in mothballs and which I reserve for special occasions. The Plumstead production of **The Front Page** in the Huntington Hartford is that special occasion. It is ghastly. Harold J. Kennedy, who has attained a local reputation for mounting all-star plays meretriciously, does not mar his record here. And this exhibit features big names in cameo roles who are woefully miscast as well. High on the list is pert Peggy Cass, a really sparkling comedienne, who is asked to play Molly Malloy, a Sylvia Sidney-type role. The combination curdles. Equally unfortunate is song-and-dance man Bert Convy as Hildy Johnson. He would be more believable breaking into a tap routine than picking up a period phone and trying to scoop a

news story. Paul Gleason, one of the most brilliant actors around, is totally wasted in a minor role. Cass Daley is asked to sweep the stage as an old scrub-woman and Conrad Janis simply plunks the banjo. Hugh O'Brian as Walter Burns and Wayne Maxwell as the escaping prisoner manage never to be heard throughout the evening so I have no idea what they were up to. What is left of this play is stolen by Edward Andrews as the mayor who refuses to be anything but superb in everything he attempts regardless of the company he keeps. The same may be said of Natalie Schafer whose Mrs. Grant is far too miniscule a role for the scope of her talents. A distinct surprise is Russell Nye who has found a role that suits him and he plays Mr. Pincus deftly and with winning charm. The play is set in 1928 and Harold J. Kennedy directs as if the performance were taking place at that time. It is a thoroughly monotonous and listless interpretation without a shred of nuance or invention. The only action that occurs in Act One is when Bert Convy changes his shirt. The other players are encouraged to sit in straight lines and get ready for their cues. No news stories are ever written or filed. The actors just show off their period shoes which, by the way, are right back in style. This is the kind of show at which you keep consulting your watch to determine how many minutes there are to the next curtain. I managed to jot down a few lines, however:

When the sheriff goes into the men's room, Hugh O'Brian throws a periodical after him:

"Here, take along a magazine."

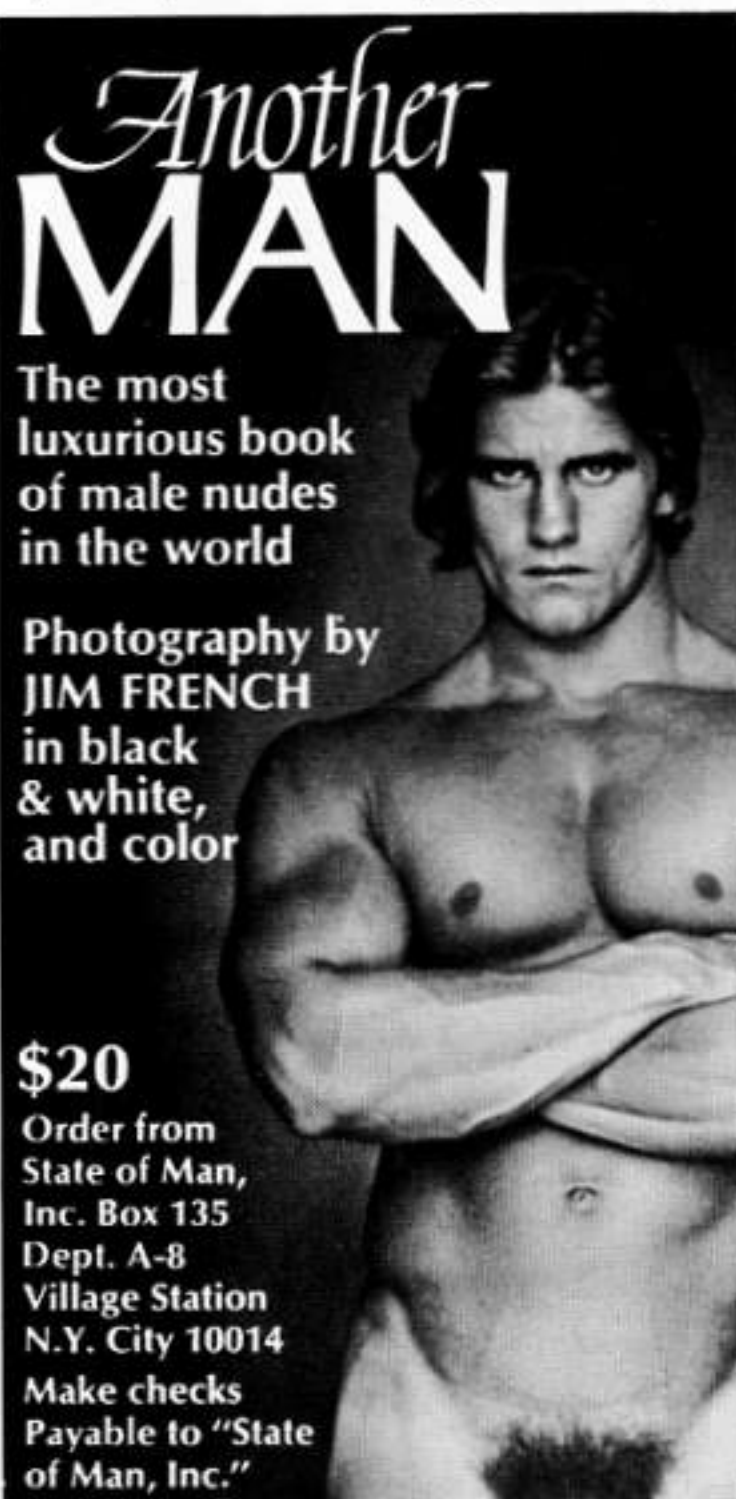
"Williams is hiding under her piazza."

"Tell her to stand up."

Hildy: "What a fine horse's bustle I turned out to be."

This **Front Page** looks and sounds more like the back page. It is a thoroughly muted, sleep-walking undertaking, much like watching a play through yards of cotton wool. The preview house was literally packed with high school kids. How in heaven's name are they to know in 1974 that Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur really wrote a swell show once upon a time if this tacky, hand-me-down version is to be their criterion?

—ALLAN LEOPOLD



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In Touch at home

Gone are the days when a wooden shed and a path were the commonplace evidences of bathroom plumbing and a cold walk and a colder seat threatened anyone who was unfortunate enough to answer nature's call after dark. Many are still "out in the cold," however, when it comes to making the bathroom an interesting corner of the house.

Frequently, people treat the bathroom as if it were something naughty. That's no reason to relegate the bathroom to a position of lesser importance in your home. You probably spend a lot of time in there.

Bathrooms can be fun. Remember those showers for two, the languid hours sloshing listlessly in the tub, and of course, the endless primping prior to that heavy date? That's reason enough to add some spice to that special room.

Chances are your bathroom will be noticed by a large percentage of your guests. They may never wander into the kitchen—or out of it, depending—and you may never have the good fortune to get them into your bedroom, but quite often in the course of a visit, your visitor may find a cruise to the bathroom is necessary. Make it more enticing than a trip down the garden path into the cold!

Unless you are basically a nudist, you may not spend a lot of time running around in the all-together. Even if you do you're probably not dripping wet as you are quite likely to be in the bathroom. Therefore, take the shiver off by making sure that room is comfortably warm.

Carpeting is a great help. If not wall to wall (removable for cleaning and drying, of course), you may choose some large thick area rugs. If there is no heating vent in that room, it would be well worth your money and comfort to invest in a small heater or possibly a nice large sun lamp for the ceiling.

You should have plenty of mirror area also; at least two for shaving, primping, plucking and whatever. If possible, a shelf or counter for holding all the endless clutter of colognes, hair dryers, combs and bubble bath. Glass shelves are nice but require a lot of dusting, especially if you're a freak for pow-

der. Wooden shelves can be stained for a rustic look. They should be clear varnished with varathane for durability. Painted shelves are best done with enamel although the scrubbable vinyls are very good and, if you're not too careless, will usually do well and last for several years.

I like a few glass jars for miscellaneous storage. Colors are nice for bubble bath and bath salts. Clear ones are fine for extra soap storage.

A chair or stool is a simple luxury! Just the right place for nail trimming (toes primarily), shining shoes or just leisurely drying off after a bath or shower.

For those who are addicts of the bathroom "library," it is a wise idea to allow a space for reading material. A small magazine rack may be tacked up in an appropriate space, or if you have a small table, it will serve well as a book holder.

And then there are those countless

added touches, freaky, funky and fun: plants, live and green, are super anywhere but a few in the bath area add a refreshing touch. The moisture is especially good for ferns and more lush tropical types.

Strings of colorful tinkly beads are nice in the window. If you want to be a little more exotic, you can suspend them from a ceiling track around the tub. They're always pleasing and add a nice touch of color to the surroundings.

Silver seems to be a good color for bathrooms. Try painting everything silver or silver and silvered wallpaper on one or two walls. From there your color scheme can go most any direction. Blue and lavender accessories are nice with perhaps a hot pink accent rug or towel.

If you have an old-fashioned tub that you might like to give a face lift, here is a clever way to do it. Make a ledge and rail from redwood 1x6. The top piece or pieces (if more than one side of the tub is open) are made so as to rest directly on the rim of the tub. 1x6 is wide enough for sitting and for holding shampoo, soap, and what-have-you. Flanking the tub on its open sides and supporting the 1x6 on the ledge is a wall of boards paneled together thus giving your tub something of a western look. The entire unit can be made to hook over the side of the tub so you can lift it off when it's not wanted. If you prefer it can be secured to the wall and/or floor. It's easy to do, very durable and good-looking. It requires little or no finish—perhaps a clear sealer or marine varathane clear varnish if you'd like a high gloss finish.

One last wild idea that I saw and flipped over: If you're fortunate enough to have both tub and shower and use only the shower, turn your tub into an aquarium! If you've got a taste for fish, this should certainly help to quench it.

Fill the tub with several inches of sand, arrange a few good-looking rocks here and there, and at the spout end do a rock arrangement to the rim covering and disguising the water pump and filter which is run over the top to the power source. Throw in the fish and *voila!*

Bathrooms are a necessity, and you will doubtless spend countless hours in yours. Make it a pleasant place in which to be. Even the old path "out back" held something of interest along the way!

—FRED JEROLE

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IN TOUCH dines out

Fellini's is designed in honor of Federico and all the tear sheets from his classic films adorn the walls. They are not exactly crystal-clear to the diner as the restaurant favors a pitch-black atmosphere punctuated by flickering candles. It is co-run by Lorry Faust and her partner, a 27-year-old, Chicago-born Italian by the name of Allan DeMaria. Allan holds forth in the kitchen together with Janice Roberts who makes the best stuffed mushrooms in town. People freak out on them. But Allan's clientele, who have followed him from the Little Spaghetti Factory in West Los Angeles (he made it a dining landmark and then sold it), swear by his culinary wizardry. Although he says he has never had any formalized training (he plans to attend a 12-week course in London next year at the Cordon Bleu Cooking School), he must be a reincarnated Master Chef from another era. The night I dined at Fellini's I took Claire Loew, the noted artist, as my guest.

To get the negatives out of the way first, I have but two criticisms to level here and they are both minor and easily correctible. We ordered a half-litre of Sebastiani Classic Mountain Chablis (\$1.95) which turned out to be nondescript. However, Miss Loew loved it, and Mr. DeMaria proclaims he has searched far and wide for it and serves it proudly. Well, different strokes for different folks. The salad arrived crisp and cold with a lemony house dressing of oil and vinegar. It is just too bland for me and I couldn't work up any enthusiasm for it. Claire ordered Veal Scallopine a la Marsala (\$5.95) and it is sensational. She opted for some Baked Eggplant which I detest (\$3.50). However, when it arrived and I sampled it, I discovered to my amazement that *this* baked eggplant is prepared like ambrosia. It is perfect and I attacked it with relish. I ordered Linguini with Butter Sauce & Mushrooms (\$2.50) and it is, hands down, the greatest I have ever eaten anywhere in the world. And please bear in mind that I lived in Rome, Italy, for ages. You have simply got to try this dish, one of the truly wondrous examples of culinary artistry this town has to offer.

Allan began his restaurant motivated by the lousy sauces he encountered elsewhere. To prepare his, he works four to five hours in advance of opening the doors for dinner, utilizing special spices such as Greek Oregano (that comes from a bush) and Basil. Allan originally was an art major at Marin College in Marin County and claims oriental cooking has influenced him to a great extent in his approach to food. He collects art on an amateur level and looks upon himself as a political activist. He plans to introduce lunches from noon to 3 Tuesday-Friday at a price of under \$2.00.

Fellini's
6810 Melrose Avenue
Hollywood—936-3100
Daily 5:30 to 11:00 PM
Friday & Saturday to 1:00 AM

Let me preface this evaluation by stating up front that David is an ideal setting for dining. Surrounded by decorative white stone, snowy tablecloths, softly glowing chandeliers and tables adorned with flickering candles and long crystal vases of dried flowers, the management at least puts you in a receptive mood to enjoy your dinner.

We began with a split order of the Jumbo Shrimp Louie Salad (\$2.95). This is a delicious concoction, cold, crisp and loaded with good things. It is also far too much for two people to handle as an accessory to dinner. Better order it as an entree with the excellent coffee and you are home free. Hot home-baked bread is served sliced on

small wooden trays and it is most welcome. My companion, a young teacher from Oklahoma Panhandle College, ordered the Australian Lobster Tail (\$8.95) and it proved to be tender and delightful. I chose Veal Monte Zuma (\$4.25), as I decided that would be the closest I would ever get to becoming a Marine. I distinctly do not recommend this dish. It is prepared in a thick Ve-chamel cheese sauce and covered with large scampi and avocado. These are strange ingredients for veal as they do not enhance it. On the contrary, they detract and the assortment becomes a type of goulash which is neither fish nor fowl. It is a vexing, uninteresting idea. Veal Monte Zuma is served with corn that has all the flavor boiled out of it. The water kernel husks just lie there limp on the platter totally devoid of taste. On the other end of the plate lurks a deadly sort of fettucine, equally limp, with nary a hint of sauce or seasoning in sight. To compound this atrocity, the waiter uncorked a bottle of expensive Chateau Neuf du Pape 1970 red that was a mean, unpleasant wine with the bite of a cougar. I left the bottle and washed away the taste with some of their splendid coffee. No desserts are available so we departed on this note.

David
7013 Melrose Avenue
Hollywood—934-5730
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—ALLAN LEOPOLD

NOTE: Due to ill health, Randy Alexander is on leave from IN TOUCH. During his absence, Allan Leopold will be replacing him.

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The sickness theory, as Freud's letter indicates, was never challenged. There were always a few homosexuals to insist on the integrity of their own personalities, and a few doctors to agree with them. But for decades all available literature included either the severe or the mild version of the sickness theory. The chief founder of the old German homophile movement was a medical patholo-

gist who limited his faction of that movement to research and law reform. The prevailing view was that all problems could find their solution in a test tube, and the mystical Gay Pride of the Englishman Edward Carpenter seemed passe. Until the early 1950's, there were almost no books available on the subject which did not start from medical presumptions (which were actually religious judgments in new guise). Since the entire subject was considered obscene and subject to censorship, publishers

rarely could issue anything on homosexuality without a medical *imprimatur*.

Donald Webster Cory's book, *The Homosexual in America: A Subjective Approach*, seemed revolutionary in 1951. Still, it held to a mild form of the sickness theory, reinforced by an introduction by Dr. Albert Ellis (for years, it seemed that no book on the subject could appear *without* an introduction by the ubiquitous Dr. Ellis).

So it was not surprising that when the American homophile movement got started, many of its leaders assumed what virtually all of the literature agreed on, that homosexuality was at the very least a malfunctioning of the normal psychic development.

The first manifesto to be drawn up in the newborn movement, while quite radical in many ways, nonetheless resolved that "our physiological and psychological handicaps need be no deterrent in integrating ten per cent of the world population toward the constructive social progress of mankind." And so the Mattachine Society, born June 6, 1950, in Los Angeles, became, like Germany's old Scientific-Humanitarian Committee, committed despite its original intent to the twin goals of medical research and law reform.

Except in small social cliques which rarely got into extended analytic discussion, American Gays had never before come together to discuss their own experiences and aspirations, to begin the collective process of self-definition. The early Mattachine discussion groups were electrifying, but they always faced the obstacle that many participants had a strong commitment to Freudian dogma, believed it to be liberating.

As late as 1965 in New York, therapists like Dr. Ellis found a subservient Mattachine audience for his message: "Every man jack among you who is exclusively homosexual is indubitably neurotic, and should run, not walk, to the nearest psychotherapist."

But as we came increasingly out in the open, trading notes with other Gays who had never bought the sickness theory, as we published our own literature without having to run the gauntlet of het publishers, and began to fight our own fight, we increasingly rejected the sickness theory as utter nonsense.

Drs. Kinsey and Pomeroy told us they had found no evidence for the the-



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oretical "infantile stage of homosexual development" which Freudians supposed we were fixed at. The Rorschach (ink-blot) and T.A.T. projective tests were at that time widely used to "weed out" tens of thousands of suspected homosexuals and "other unstable personalities" from government jobs and private employment. Dr. Evelyn Hooker used a group of Mattachine members and a control group of hetero men and discovered that not only did the tests fail to show any significant psychological differences between the homosexual and het samples, but that leading Rorschach "authorities" could not tell from the test results which men were homosexual and which were not! She concluded that it was possible for Gays to be as well adjusted, by standard measurements, as a group of het males of similar class and educational backgrounds.

Dr. Blanche Baker, a San Francisco surgeon turned psychiatrist, told a ONE Incorporated meeting in 1955 that the whole sickness theory was baloney. Albert Ellis later attacked her in print for this heresy, and this writer ripped Ellis' theories apart in a 1959 publication.

Ellis, a strong proponent of sexual freedom and a supporter of homosexual civil rights, insisted that homosexuals were neurotic by definition, his definition, because exclusive homosexuality was analogous to permitting oneself to starve to death on a desert island, while surrounded by a type of food one didn't happen to like. In response to my critique, he admitted that exclusive hets would be equally neurotic—but only from a logical standpoint(?!).

The National Research Chairman of Mattachine upset ONE's 1956 annual educational symposium by declaring that the society's chief aim was the ultimate cure of all homosexuals. ONE's 1958 Midwinter Institute theme, "Homosexuality: A Way of Life," was an answer to Dr. Edmund Bergler, the most rabid of anti-homosexual therapists, who was for years *Time* Magazine's pet authority on the topic. Bergler's book, *Homosexuality: Disease or Way of Life?*, argued that "every homosexual is a psychic masochist who . . . is really after defeat, humiliation. . . . A frantic fugitive from women . . . essentially disagreeable . . . subservient when confronted with a stronger person, merci-

less when in power."

Bergler denied that homosexuals were ever truly creative (imitative at best) or that they even found men attractive. Rather, they mistook the penis for their mother's breast, and wanted to do disgusting things with it.

Dr. Clifford Allen said that homosexuals are ill, "the same way a dwarf is ill—because he never developed"; that homosexuality was always accompanied by other perversions; that most psychoses were merely disguised forms of homosexuality.

Dr. Irving Bieber, the only recent cure-peddler to make a show of scientific methodology, produced in 1962 a monumental compilation of slanted statistics designed to "discover" what the researchers believed beforehand. He was followed by Dr. Charles Socarides, the most virulent anti-homosexual since Dr. Bergler's death. Socarides told an AMA meeting three years ago that homosexuality is a "dread dysfunction, malignant in character . . . risen to epidemic proportions." He urged the creation of a national rehabilitation center for en-

forced treatment of homosexuals. But a call for concentration camps (though Socarides has since said he didn't mean that) in a profession so heavily Jewish was not likely to be popular.

Dr. Charles Berg, who co-authored *The Problem of Homosexuality* with Dr. Allen, had argued that it was as impertinent to ask the "cause" of homosexuality, or to expect all homosexuals to rush to get cured, as it would be to do the same for heterosexuals, for Christians, or Republicans.

In 1955, the British Medical Association told Parliament that there is no panacea for curing homosexuals, and that much so-called treatment was useless, grossly unethical and dangerous.

England's Wolfenden Committee reported in 1957 that "none of our medical witnesses were able . . . to provide any reference in medical literature to a complete change." Homosexuality, they said, does not seem to meet standard criteria for a definition as a disease. A Royal Canadian Commission added (1958) that "we have heard no medical evidence to warrant [the] assumption that . . . a 'sexual psychopath' or a 'sexual pervert' suffered from a condition that could be cured."

A colleague once kept insisting to Dr. Ernest van den Haag that "all my homosexual patients are quite sick," to which van den Haag eventually replied, "so are all my heterosexual patients." Dr. Hooker joined a panel of experts in San Francisco August 1966, suggesting that while some homosexuals, like some heterosexuals, were emotionally disturbed, homosexuality itself is not an emotional disturbance.

The Group for Advancement of Psychiatry decided in 1966 that homosexuality was no longer to be classed as a mental illness, and in 1970, a committee of the National Institute of Mental Health (a branch of the Federal Department of Health, Education & Welfare) headed by Dr. Evelyn Hooker, arrived at a similar opinion, though Nixon promptly fired the head of NIMH.

The American Medical Association's House of Delegates, last June, turned down a resolution criticizing anti-homosexual laws and discrimination. They also mixed other "new morality" resolutions, and instead attacked the Food

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and Drug Administration for attempting to regulate the practice of medicine.

The pressure for redefinition has been going on within the profession for a long time, heightened considerably by the new Radical Therapy, which, following Szasz and Laing, argues that therapy, certainly as it has been applied to homosexuals, is no more than an exercise of police power to enforce socially approved behavior.

The real break came in 1970, after the Stonewall riot. A new breed of angry Gays began to directly attack the "bastions of oppression." Bishop Mike Itkin and other Gay and Women's Liberationists stormed the 1970 general conference of the APA in San Francisco, and similar "zaps" followed wherever Socarides, Bieber, and the electric-shock therapists spoke. Dr. Richard Green of UCLA, who has been on a long-term project studying and sometimes attempting to reorient effeminate boys, called off a major APA panel for fear of a zap. He joined other professionals (with outside prodding from gay activists Dr. Franklin Kameny and others) to do a semantic operation on the whole problem.

Kameny and Barbara Gittings, a longtime associate, organized a "Gay, Proud and Healthy" booth at the 1972 APA meet in Dallas, where a masked psychiatrist admitted that he was gay.

Soon after that, Drs. Pillard and Hartman of the Massachusetts Psychological Association put forward a resolution to amend the description of homosexuality in the APA's official nomenclature in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Psychiatric Disorders. The APA Committee on Nomenclature and Statistics took up the matter, and at the 1973 Conference in Honolulu, a panel consisting of six M.D.'s and one gay activist discussed the matter.

Dr. Stoller, a senior associate of Dr. Green's, argued that homosexuals were better off under the psychiatrist's attentions than when they were condemned as sinners. "There is something disreputable in using our feeble method of diagnosis and psychiatrists en masse as whipping boys for the cruel manner in which homosexuals have been and still are treated." Admitting that psychiatric knowledge of the subject was incom-

plete, he proposed a holding action "until the day we know what we are doing; scrapping the system, although not yet all the labels, and starting afresh."

Judd Marmor, the new APA President, argued forcefully that deviant behavior is not necessarily psychopathology and that the profession had indeed added to the persecution of homosexuals. "It is our task to be healers of the distressed, not watchdogs of social mores."

Bieber predictably argued that homosexuality was *not* a normal variant of sexual development; that homosexuality is no innate preference, but a dislocation of heterosexual organization, caused by seductive mothers in combination with absent, detached or hostile fathers; that psychological pain is an inevitable concomitant and that homosexuality is a form of sexual inadequacy. He opposed persecution of homosexuals, suggested that it might better be classified as "an adaptation to inhibited, dislocated heterosexual functioning"; and denied that such a diagnosis was what made homosexuals sick

in the first place.

Gay activist Ron Gold, a recent graduate of therapy, argued that psychiatry had not only categorized millions of homosexuals as sick, making them so in the public mind, and in the minds of legislators and police, but that the diagnosis made many homosexuals behave in the ways expected of sick people.

Socarides argued that many patients come to him, desperate for change, "in agony over their condition." He went through his version of the causation theory, insisting that the New York County Branch of APA had unanimously agreed with him in 1972. He insisted that there was general agreement that homosexuality displays clinical symptoms, a course of development, and good prognosis for treatment. Admitting that homosexuals ought not be legally prosecuted "for something over which they have no choice," he insisted that psychiatrists were the homosexual's best friends.

Green (whose practice many Gays including this writer have objected to) argued the terminological question most effectively, suggesting the new classification which was finally added: sexual dysfunction. This labels any inability, on the part of homosexuals or heterosexuals, to function satisfactorily, whether due to impotence, anxiety or inability to accept one's own sexual orientation, as worthy of psychiatric attention.

Panel Chairman Robert Spitzer supported that view, and the new resolution began its long odyssey through all levels of committees up to the APA's Board of Directors, who called a special news conference with leading gay activists included, to announce to the world that the American Psychological Association no longer regarded homosexuals as sick. The new category of "Sexual Orientation Disturbance" (302.0 in the Manual) was misunderstood by some. It says simply that those homosexuals who are bothered by or wish to change their sexual orientation are disturbed by it, and should be treated. "Homosexuality per se is a form of sexual behavior and like other forms . . . which are not by themselves psychiatric disorders, is not listed in this nomenclature. . . ."

The resolution went on to pledge the APA to support the gay struggle against discrimination, and to support repeal of anti-homosexual laws.

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Two dining rooms open to full bar and piano bar. Exciting menu, with medium price of \$4.50. Bargain Early Bird and late supper menus. Entertainment after 9 p.m. Video-tapes during cocktail hours. Very good food. Groovy, friendly waiters. Reservations are suggested; call 652-4210. 365 N. La Cienega Blvd., West Hollywood.

Intimate '40s ambience. One room with dividers separating bar from main dining area. Menu is mostly steaks with some specialties; medium price is \$5.00. The waiters are charming and helpful. The clientele is groovy. Full bar. Reservations suggested by calling 653-9337. 8077 W. Beverly Blvd.

Three large dining rooms. Red, red, red! Separate full bar. The American-Continental menu is medium priced at \$4.75. Food, service, and clientele variable. Sunday brunch. 8857 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. 657-1176.

A black and white illustration of a man with long hair and a headband, wearing a loincloth, lying on his stomach on a sandy beach. He is holding and reading a magazine. To his left are two palm trees. In the background, there are waves, a small island, and birds flying in the sky. A starfish is on the sand in the foreground.

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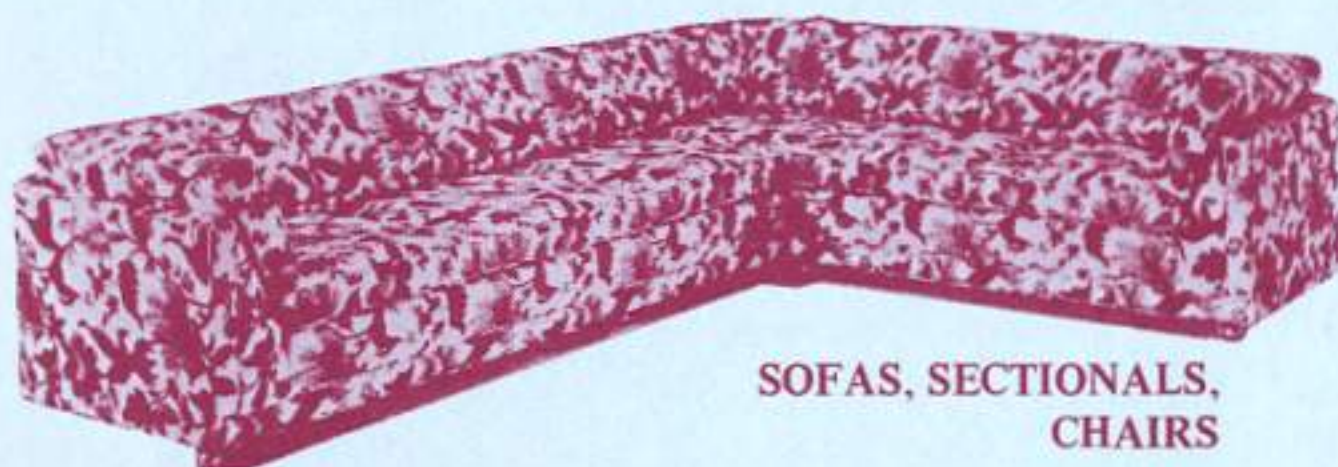
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keep walking. It doesn't matter where you go. Everything here flows in currents. After your first snack or two try to catch the Space Theatre show. It is a totally new sensual experience to mankind. When you come back out into the park there will be plenty of friends around to help you in your new orientation in reality. The wraparound movie at the Reuben H. Fleet Space Theatre will be 44 minutes long but time will lose meaning for you forevermore. You will be dropped out of time and space into the Eden of Balboa Park. Don't forget to pack your basket. San Diego sure is treating us nice.

ZUMA BEACH—Nudity, nakedness, flesh, and healthy-minded people of all sizes and shapes are casual and carefree here. There's no sense in feeling self-conscious, if you're naked you're naked and nude is the only way you will be at Zuma Beach, around the rock. Drive north on Pacific Coast Hwy. from Los Angeles and Malibu.

SUNRISE CLIFFS BEACH—As the sun begins to break through, and you have finished your Sunday morning social at the Outrigger in Mission Bay, drive south back in towards San Diego and the signs lure you off to the right, to Sun Rise Cliffs. Just bring your towel along, nothing else. A very mixed friendly crowd waits to welcome you.

GRIFFITH PARK—Seasons come and seasons go. Now when you drive up to the Greek Theater and turn right to the tennis courts and you stop immediately for a little snack you may slip in the mud as you run from the police helicopter and the horseback rangers. But, if you move on up further along the trail be sure not to have matches or cigarettes on you when you go for a hike, for you may find yourself up against a violation. Meditation, however, remains best on the top of the mountain. You can still go up to look down onto the smoggy Jewel.

BARNSDALL PARK—All the bushes are gone now, so perhaps you could continue to be more discreet here. Olive grove and Frank Lloyd Wright design intended for meditation, cool it and all can work out mellow. On Hollywood Blvd. near Vermont, in Hollywood at the fringe of Silver Lake.

TORREY PINES—(Sunrise Cliffs) Nude beach closed. San Diego.

MOVIE HOUSES

PARIS THEATRE — Feature-length films, 8163 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

VISTA—Feature-length films, 4473 Sunset Drive, Silver Lake.

RICHARD'S THEATRE — Features and Shorts, 5228 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

QUICKIE—Shorts and loops, 8325 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

LOVE NESTS

BON AIR MOTEL—Discreet, 1724 N. Western, Hollywood.

VINE LODGE MOTEL—Open, 1818 N. Vine, Hollywood.

VALLEY PALMS MOTEL — Private, 11514 Ventura, Studio City.

AN OLD FRIEND—Private or party, 1830 Racquet Club, Palm Springs.

FOX AND HOUNDS — Complete facilities, vacation spot, run by Dave's, 4520 E. Mission Bay, San Diego.

SEA MOTEL—Clean linen, modern plumbing, discreet atmosphere, no parties. Good honeymoon stop. No hassles, always pleasant. 475 Coast Hwy., Laguna Beach.

CREST MOTEL—Next door to the See Saw. Ray is your very accommodating host. Rooms with closed circuit films, TV, weekend may require reservations. (213) 937-2114. 7701 Beverly Blvd., West Hollywood.

DRESSING ROOMS

HANGIN TREE RANCH—Write for appointments. Custom-mades and specialized novelties, famous for this. Distinct for authentic western garb and apparatus but not exclusive. Send for 'illustrated' Leather Toy Catalogue. Jack Jackson, Hangin' Tree Ranch, Rural Box 452, Japatul Valley Road, Alpine, Ca. 92001.

AH MEN

The styles trip from dressy funk through smart casual to showy macho. The range is from the party through the bedroom to the posing pedestal. The eye and the nose can be pleased and startled. Accessories and gift items to be found. Two locations—8900 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, and 2716 Griffith Park Blvd., Silver Lake.

THE ONLY HAPPY HOMOSEXUAL IS A DEAD ONE.

Perhaps you've never really admitted it to yourself. But, still, you've secretly believed it all along: There's something wrong with being homosexual. It's immoral. Perverse. Sick. Perhaps you've even considered calling the whole thing off. You know, checking out. Ending it all. And why not?

You're abnormal, aren't you?

That's what The Straight World has convinced you of. Right? Haven't many powerful leaders in The Church, many government officials, certain White-Begowned Ministers of Medicine, certain Omniscient Shamans of Psychology told you you're a pariah, a felon, a freak?

And, you have been lonely. Haunted. Neurotic. Living a split life. Pretending, days, to be respectable. Pretending, nights, the thing you seek—peace of mind, self-fulfillment, companionship, love—can be found in a bar, a john, an alley, or park.

A lifetime of suicide.

You can go on killing yourself off with your guilt and isolation. Or you can begin to understand—really understand you've been the victim of a hoax. Of a two-thousand-year-old smear campaign. The fact is, you've been brainwashed. The fact is, you've passively allowed yourself to be taught to hate yourself and to turn away from your gay contemporaries.

You can be gay and happy, too.

Look. Why not give yourself a break? A fresh start in life? A chance to see yourself differently? It's time for you to realize there's absolutely nothing wrong with you. You're okay. You're important. You're worthwhile. You belong. You're wanted. By us.

Who are we?

We're gay. Men and women. And we're the GSF ORGANIZATION. We are not political extremists. In fact, we're not political at all. Sure, we want to change the world. However, we believe that before we can change the world, we have to change ourselves. Through Gay Self-Awareness.

Through Self-Realization. Through the development of our physical, intellectual and spiritual powers.

Professionally, many of us must still wear a mask. Still, we're people who like people. We like nice people. We want good friends. GSF makes having good friends possible. Eliminating any kind of risk.

What is GSF?

GSF is a nationwide organization. With members in all 50 states, Canada and Mexico. GSF is a non-political, social and educational organization that brings people together. GSF is progressive. GSF is discreet. GSF is run by gays for gays. GSF expands your social life immediately.

GSF not only introduces you to the kind of people you want to meet, it introduces you to a dynamic, positive Life Philosophy that may awaken many wonderful gifts you possess that now remain dormant.

There's more to learn about GSF. So, call us or write, today. There's no obligation of any kind. And, of course, all conversation and correspondence is strictly confidential.

If you live in Southern California, or plan a visit, come to our headquarters. From 12 noon to 8 pm, Mondays through Saturdays. If you live anywhere in North America, write for all the facts about GSF. Or, call now. Get involved, now. Call us at (213) 654-3491. Or mail in the coupon below.



Sincerely,
John Raymond, GSF President

Now you can be gay, and happy, too.

JOHN RAYMOND, President GSF Organization 8235 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046		Dept. I
Yes, John, I'm interested in more facts about GSF. Please rush me your free information packet. (Mailed in plain envelope.)		
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Leather garments, accessories, novelties and toys for the sandbox. Ready-to-wear is rare; custom-made is usual. Customized trophies are also available. Located in North Hollywood and open by appointment only. Call 762-6266 and ask for Mike Whalen.

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THE SEWING MAN

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JERRY BACKSTROM

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GEORGE STARK

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LOCAL NEIGHBORHOOD SPOTS

QUEEN OF CLUBS—Very mixed interweaving crowd with loyal core. Big boys and girls' Sunday socials have great food, homemade famous for this buffet made with love. Great way to get drunk and licentious on a Sunday. 8239 San Fernando Rd., Sun Valley.

LITTLE CAVE—Silver Lake neighborhood mixes western and casual with country and beer piano, singalong relaxed generation. 3111 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

MANSFIELD HOUSE—Sometimes open for business, sometimes feature films, sometimes fun party crowd gathers, always a big spot on Halloween. 2600 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

NUT HOUSE—Latin neighbors social. Plenty of atmosphere with friendly bilingual bartenders, waiting for you. On Hoover near Melrose, Silver Lake.

FOUR POSTER—Silver Lake neighbors social. Always friendly, sometimes cruisy weekday afternoon. Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

WOODY'S HYPERION — Healthy, young crowd most nights. Food and teeming masses on Sunday. Lively spot for the north side of Silver Lake.

SHINGLE SHACK—Nestled in a friendly hillside community in Silver Lake, this spot is

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always neighborly and the cruising is often more than cordial. 1941 N. Hyperion, Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

BOX CAR—Quiet. Interesting layout, waiting to catch on. Sometimes Sunday congregations. 2906 Los Feliz, Atwater.

FLORENTINE ROOM — Friendly cocktail crowd, mixed around pool table. Neighborhood elbow benders and professional bartenders ready to welcome you. 4579 Melrose, L.A., just off the Hollywood Frwy.

LATIN FLAME—Black velvet with flickers of red wine, dark quiet lounge with bursts of laughter punctuating the murmured Spanish. Quiet, romantic, and lush atmos with some fiery customers. Melrose at Van Ness, Hollywood.

BRASS SPUR—Wilshire District social plus visitors for light cruising. Sunday brunch and friendliest bartenders make worth your while. On Vermont just south of Wilshire in Wilshire Center.

NARDI'S—Quiet downtown lounge, social weeknights, cruisy weekends. Small crowd and beautiful bartenders. 665 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

THE OFFICE — Mixed neighborhood, some trade, friendly bartenders and pleasant customers. Just down the block from the DAILY DOUBLE, Pasadena.

DAILY DOUBLE—Practically private social event. Not too friendly but a few interesting numbers. 3739 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

THE HAVEN—The Valley comes into downtown Hollywood. There's plenty of room for dancing, which is coming soon to this growing little clubhouse. 5903 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

DAVID—And now, entertainment for all those loyalists who have remained and not gone over to Lloyds. Still primarily dining with good bar. Great for that romantic rendezvous or secret affair. 7013 Melrose Ave., Hollywood. interesting.

K'S STAR ROOM — Liquor before, during, and after dinner. Friendly Hollywood professionals gather to chat, makes for entertaining company. 1271 N. Vine, Hollywood.

JACKIE'S—Practically private for straights and drags only. 6023 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

RED CARPET ROOM — Guys and dolls rub elbows in the most congenial little bar in Hollywood. 6280 Yucca, Hollywood.

FOUR STAR — Boystown neighbors social. Good crowd on weeknights, can be cruisy, heavy on weekends. 8857 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

GALLERY ROOM—After dinner casual gentlemen stay on every night to form consistent young crowd. 8100 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

BEACH BOY—Beachcomber set in the heart of Hollywood. Good afterhours spot to sober up. 7113 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

VALLI HAUS—Crowds for dinner often stay over for socializing. Popular for lovers and other strangers. 11012 Ventura, Studio City.

KEITH'S—Sociable Valley stop, before or after dinner. Crowd gets silly when the liquor and laughter flows and a little sad when it closes down. 11801 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, across from the Hayloft.

CANYON ROOM—Extremely delightful bartenders play host for neighborhood conclave. 13625 Moorpark, Sherman Oaks.

THE ATTIC—North Hollywood very mixed interweaving crowds. Big boys and girls Sunday socials. 11717½ Victory Blvd.

TONY'S—Entertainment, when open. Nice lounge. 10618 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

BLACK KNIGHT—Just a black box with beer and a small cruisy crowd. Not just neighborhood. 10932 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

FORSOOTH THE DRAGON — Across the street from the Knight, uniquely laid-out bar, some dancing, afterhours for area. 10937 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

HANGED MAN PUB—The corner bar has turned gay. Small but not quiet, beer and pool neighborhood tournament. 10522 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

LA CARAVELLE—Just across the street from the beach, a pleasant lounge at night and a

fun patio for sunbathers. Also local dining and seafood. 54 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica.

PINK ELEPHANT—Quiet Venice bar near old boardwalk. 2810 Main St., Santa Monica.

BEACH ROAMER—Nice little beer barroom stop in the middle of Long Beach's gay miracle mile. 1064 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

SAM'S PLACE—Mixed bar on the miracle mile. Small weekday crowd. 1744 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

P-M CLUB—Lively part of the miracle mile circuit. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

HUNGRY HORSE SALOON—FUNKY little bar near enough to beach and baths. Tall-cool-one-with-the-gang atmosphere. Sundays good. Afterhours weekends. 5520 La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla.

HOP HOUSE—Neighborhood boys bar around the corner from Diablo's. Growing lively atmosphere. Frolicsome crowd. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego.

DOLL ROOM—Mixed little beach bar with brotherhood and sisterhood. Drink here, dance up the street. 756 Ventura, Mission Bay, San Diego.

SKIPPER'S—Cozy little cocktail lounge can be found in a retirement vacation motel restaurant. Good place for a secret rendezvous. 6737 La Jolla, La Jolla.

B.J.'s—Small friendly crowd with dancing

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weeknights becomes mixed and leather crowded afterhours weekends, down the street from Black Pipe makes it Must Score afterhours. 2692 S. La Cienega, Los Angeles.

FALLEN ANGEL—Quiet and friendly neighborhood hangout for middle-aged Wilshire District. Travis tends bar with good conversation. 2709 W. 6th, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

JOLY'S—Neighborhood weeknights becomes hot spot for the Wilshire District on weekends. Gets crowded and sometimes cruisy. 117 S. Western, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

THE (NEW) NEW WORLD—Remodeling for fun, cruising, and afterhours. 12319 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

TYKES—Always good conversation, very neighborhood in a very gay community, fun while waiting for laundry, can be a place to meet someone new for whatever. 4306 N. Figueroa, Highland Park, in L.A.

GOLD RUSH SALOON — Western image comes to life afterhours. Mixed crowd socializes and then cruises afterhours western additions. Formerly The Alibi. Good jukebox. Nice guys running the joint, trying hard out there. 480 Pomona Mall, Pomona.

TENDER TRAP—Neat little bar, a survivor. Feel at home with the townfolk. Afterhours cycles swell with the full moon weekends. Not dead. 667 W. Holt, Pomona.

INQUIRE—Long bar with plenty of friends sitting around. Very personal and almost private. Sometimes wandering minstrels entertain. Cocktails educated. New location. 3974

Atlantic, Long Beach.

LITTLE SHRIMP—Exciting coral reef atmosphere, aquarium bar, crowded weekends, weekday beach bar social. Very nice, like a honeymoon spot, a place you would like to remember as the years roll by. Sort of down an alley, keep looking. 1305 S. Coast Hwy., Laguna Beach.

CAPRI—North Hollywood social with cruising of new blood and chatter of old conversations which hold drinking buddies together. Crowded Sunday afternoon with buffet bath. 6131 Vineland, North Hollywood.

MAGNOLIA INN—You can't help but like this quiet little place. Friendly, nice; helpful if you need to know where to go, at any time. 12136 Magnolia, North Hollywood.

THE BRANCH—Moderate, moderate, moderate posh and piano. Office break lounge to cool off the pressure of the doldrums of a draggy day. Pleasant and safe place. 13548 Ventura, Studio City.

PLUSH PONY—Chicano chicks play host to Latin boys. Everybody welcome for pool, familiarization, socialization, and plans for later recreation. 5261 Alhambra, Alhambra.

VAGABOND—Friendly talking bartenders serve good liquor to vagabonds who care to pull into port for a while. City bar. Friday and Saturday busy neighborhood crowd. 315 E. Florence, Inglewood.

MASON'S BAR—Opening soon for San Diego's boys and girls together trip. Should be fun. 1211 Market St., San Diego.

THE HANG UP—Factory queens mix with foundry trade in small joint with good jukebox and beer. Cruisy party on weekends for small bunch. 7810 Santa Fe, Huntington Park.

CROW'S NEST—Light atmosphere. Extra nice management willing to please new customers. Weekends filled with friendly family of friends. 9306 E. Alondra, Bellflower.

RABBIT HABIT—Flaky, raunch, and semi-western quiet toilet. Not too friendly, very neighborhood, rugged bunch holding up quiet business. 7312 Pacific, Huntington Park.

RUBY RUE SALOON—Small dancing group encircled by light western cruise group. Nicely mixed crowds around bar with helpful, conscientious bartenders. 1103 N. La Brea, Inglewood.

TIKI HUT—South Pacific atmosphere sways nice weekend gatherings. Quiet weeknights. 9042 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

WESTSIDE—Increasingly popular area has given more recent nod to long established dining spot. Bar cruising growing and developing into new mix. More growth changes coming. Keep your eyes open. 6112 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles.

OAK LOUNGE—remodeling. REMODELING. changing. CHANGED. 11518 Burbank, North Hollywood.

FRIENDS—Open from Thursday to Sunday, slowly catching on and building loyal neighborhood crowd. Truly a place for friends to meet. Nice guys run things here. The "idea" is catching hold. 735 E. Mission, Pomona.

april's *IN TOUCH*

PERSONALITY: Mae West. All the superlatives in the dictionary have been inadequately used to describe this woman who is undoubtedly THE Sex Symbol of the 20th Century. She didn't invent sex; she didn't even popularize it; but she surely brought it out of the Victorian closet and made it fun.

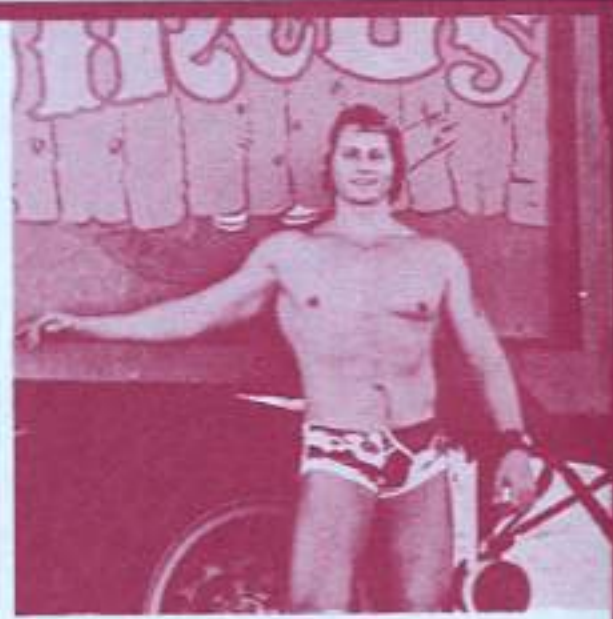
FASHION: Take one circus, three husky bodybuilders like Gary Brandenburg, Joe Luithly, and David Carter, swimwear from That Look and Ah Men and you're IN TOUCH with a unique look at style.

LEISURE: Dirt bikes are the source of one of California's most popular sports and Jim Chandler and Jay Williams take off for the high desert for some relaxation and thrills.

DISCOVERY: One picture is worth a thousand words; so "eyes left." David Miller is the name and this young Marine is certainly one of the most handsome to come our way in some time.

LEADER: Twenty-five years in the film industry, Curtis Harrington is one of today's most working directors. We talked with him shortly after he finished the recent TV movie THE BEES with Gloria Swanson and the soon-to-be-released film starring Ann Sothern, THE KILLING KIND.

PLUS: A special in-progress report on something new and special in theatre starring some former IN TOUCH models, an insightful look into the concept of Oppression, and San Francisco additions to our bar and business guide.



films

quaint album of those precious chapters in the ongoing serial of Butch and the Kid.

The one thing that distracted me was Redford's age. The role demanded that he be a snot-nose kid who comes to the old pro for lessons. A kid he no longer is. And although Paul Newman is an actor, not just a pretty star, he really isn't ready to play an old geezer brought back from retirement. Paul Newman is virile and beautiful and powerful and talented and I'd like to get to know him.

Robert Shaw plays the chump that gets stung and he is as great as the role lets him be. He was the only one that remembered that the film was about gangsters and makes Donnegan as the heavy he would have to be and doesn't let up on the eccentricity of the character for a moment. Any film would be worth seeing just for the acting achievements of Robert Shaw. So protect and shield your morality and have fun at *The Sting*.

Woody Allen is becoming the salvation incarnate of the Hollywood film. What else can save Hollywood from the psychic doldrums caused by the international, decentralization, runaway production, conglomerate insensitivity quagmires? What else but a good laugh.

Woody Allen is becoming the salvation incarnate of the student filmgoer. Who else could save the modern post-radical student from the doldrums caused by the chic realism, hyper-pragmatic rationalism, cold comfort campus mentalities that design the student's environment of ultra-ultra moderne facade wrapped around the old corrupt institutions that govern his life? What else but a simple little hero that naively goes about with only good intentions but also hep to the realities that not much can be done without bringing down the wrath.

Woody Allen is becoming the salvation of just about anybody who loves to go to the movies. He is slowly learning the craft and meanwhile proving that movies can still be made. His movies aren't remakes of the good ol'-fashioned comedies and they aren't fantastic ex-

periments into new forms of the art. He uses the language of film with all the respect of a scholar and the ease and grace of a master. All of Woody Allen's movies promise to be better next time and you have the feeling that he thinks he hasn't made a real movie yet. You keep going back because you know when he makes that "real movie" it will be a great moment that you will want to live.

SLEEPER, Woody Allen's latest offering, is well formulated to be a "real movie." It succeeds as a "real movie" far more than a Woody Allen happening. But, that's fine! The movie is a little more tame than most of his other ventures and the film seems almost too well balanced. BUT it lasts. It is a minor classic the moment you walk out of the theatre. The viewing experience is one long laugh and as the curtain comes down you try to catch your breath and say, "Oh help." The terror of the truths the film deals in becomes a little more sharp but the warmth of humor and compassion has been given to you and you are stronger.

Lost somewhere between the appealing good sense of *Kid Blue* and the irritating hyper-realism of *The Last American Hero*, *CINDERELLA LIBERTY* comes working its way out with a real, touching, human story and a hip flashy style. It is a worthy film filled with many of the best performances of the last year. The film is not my idea of a perfect film but it does allow the great performances to shine through, and its lighting and pacing in most of the downbeat scenes were beautiful. The upbeat scenes were made convincing only by James Caan's performance.

Caan plays an old salt, not too old but pretty salty, who is a loser in most respects except attitude. His life is determined completely by fate, everything but his spirit. Caan's character and living philosophy come head-on for a dramatic collision with a pool-sharking bar girl and her cynicism, made incarnate by her very black mulatto son. The film's light comic start twists fast into a torment of pain, the kind of pain that is so common and yet never easy. Most of the film is spent with Caan's taming of the suspicious son.

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and a boy, a boy and his future father. I have seldom been so touched by such a human story. It never got maudlin. I have seldom been so tickled either. The entire subplot is filled successfully with moments that run the gamut of human emotions.

The relationship the sailor has with the boy's mother, robbed of her cynicism by this charmer and robbed of alcohol and good times by the stability he brings, is not so successful. Marsha Mason, as the pool shark mother, gives a performance that rivals the Academy

Award performance of the tragic bar-room lady portrayed by Susan Tyrell in *Fat City*.

PAPILLON is definitely one of those big, big pictures. It is an epic tale of one man and his many escapes from the Penal Colony of French Guiana, which includes the notorious and dreaded Devil's Island. A romantic tale of the heroic inner strength of one man among thousands, it is such a glamorous epic that it never seems to get around to explaining or even examining the workings inside this one man, Papillon. The character comes off as a man so caught up in his environs that all he does is respond to the immediate. There is very little character but plenty of time for it.

Papillon is not like most escape films. It seems almost too big to be an action film, too respectable to be a thriller. It is a story based on a series of escapes that are unimaginable, impossible feats. Yet, it is not a sensational story. It seems to be a solemn and almost melancholic sad remembrance of an odyssey of escape, ever promising to go somewhere but mostly wondering before a lush tapestry of superscope and rich color. If that were all it would be strangely beautiful.

Papillon becomes the story of many lives, all of which fade away before we can feel anything for or about them. Name, rank, serial number, and basic emotional and attitudinal response, that is all we are allowed to know. The horror of the Penal Colony is shown to be nothing more than something that comes along with the rest of the tapestry. The desperation of men is nothing more than the logical behaviorist re-

sponse to environment. Every emotion is spelled out and then stepped out in the most obvious ways. The one single human quality left unexplained lies inside of *Papillon*. It drives him to heroic sacrifice but we are never sure what it is. It doesn't seem to give any more human depth to his character and it doesn't explain his defiant "spirit."

Neither Steve McQueen's portrayal nor Dalton Trumbo's characterization leave anyone much room to discover the reason for *Papillon*'s rebellion. The environment created by Franklin J. Schaffner could explain any man's reason for trying to escape at any moment but the character *Papillon* displays none of the emotional clues. He obviously has the determination but where does it come from? Is it just pathological to want freedom at so high a price? It is hard to believe I have seen an epic carried on by a pathological man. I haven't. *Papillon* is an epic about the overly romanticized escapes of one man who has followed many and been surpassed by few. It is about the escapes and the environment and not much more.

A few minor characters and the truly heroic actor, Dustin Hoffman, try to bring characterization and some modicum of soul to the film. They seem out of step, torn and unraveled threads in the tapestry, made to look more worn and frayed, an historical epic. While perhaps *Papillon* is soundly made these actors create characters that are neurotically sane and tortured by their fate (or the director, who alone knows how big his picture will be, as big as fate and as painful as penal servitude). An exhausting film.

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more films

Hand-in-Hand Films has gathered its most recent NYC successes into a package with its latest releases and brought them to Southern California for a film festival that promises to raise the standard of pornography in filmland. The promise is well kept with Arch Brown's **THE NIGHT BEFORE**. By no means a classic, it does manage to have the grace that made *The Back Row* the enjoyable milestone it now has become recognized to be. The script for *The Night Before* (written by Arch and Bruce Brown) can easily be said to be pretentious but Arch Brown's fluid direction plays down all the absurdist-abstract intellectual fun and emphasizes the realistic sensual fun with a style that is fitting to the flesh film. The story, of course, is not ignored and certainly represents a pound of artful social redeeming value.

More interesting than the cute plot or the sensual style is the extremely human development of characters. Everything in the film is good but the handling of the characters is one of the more hopeful signs in pornography today and hopefully a sign of the standard that the Hand In Hand Festival will be setting.

Coke Hennesy as Hank, the film's hero, is a surprise in a pornographic film, especially a gay one. You could have fooled me. He walks through the film as if it were an odyssey of gay life, to which he has as yet to become at ease with, but no, he has been sucking for quite some time. It is hard to tell from his mono-level role what kind of an actor he is but it is easy to suspect he could be another Michael Moriarty, underplaying everything story and saving up for anything glimpsing of human contact. The film is after all merely a low-budget pornographic venture and it is hard to tell where he would go with a full role.

Michael Cade as Paul may not have the professional restraint that Coke Hennesy seemed to be operating within but he is vital. His performance never stops being a turn on. It didn't matter if he was acting or not. It was a joy to watch him move, to listen to him talk his lines, and to watch thoughts cross his mind at varying speeds of personality. Michael Cade should only become



Tim Clark and Jeffery Etting as the Dancers in Arch Brown's **THE NIGHT BEFORE** (Hand-in-Hand Films).

the hottest attraction in any kind of film he appears. Put his name up on the marquee and you'll have my money on the counter and my ass looking for the closest seat to the screen.

The ballet fantasy sequence danced by Tim Clark and Jeffrey Etting was tasteful and approached the exquisite. Tray Christopher knows something about how to get at us with his choreography.

The film is full of talent and the direction and editing allows the more talented sequences to shine forth without destroying the author's intentions. Not a great film, *The Night Before* is an enjoyable success, full of beauty, humor, and a playful flirtation with the magic that accompanies falling in love.

The eight films that make up **THE EROTIC FILMS OF PETER DE ROME**

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were filmed in Paris, London, Malaga, Marbella, and New York by an artist with a fine discriminating eye for the magic of place. The interweaving images of magical places give warmth to chasings and cruising filled with psychological excitement of symbolic threat and just plain realistic horniness. From a sacrificial crucifixion in Spain that turns into an orgasm to a blow job on the subway, the art of Peter de Rome is sensational and yet sensitive.

The first short film, *Double Exposure*, is a spiraling structured glimpse at the other side of reality. Its delicate, graceful balance is an almost perfect underscoring of a strange moment in the twilight zone. The camera work is itself a ballet and the editing is a musical tune of an unknown eerie time. What spirals in to a lovely little idea slowly crawls up your spine and unwinds again leaving you with an unexplained tingle.

The second film, *Hot Pants*, was shot with the kind of simplicity that demands much skill and precision. *The Second Coming* is filled with beautiful compositions of Spanish alleys. *Daydreams From a Crosstown Bus* has a prize-winning student film look. *Mumbo Jumbo* also has a student film look but is hilariously weird. *Green Thoughts* returns you for a few moments to Eden.

Underground is one of those bold sensational ideas that filmmakers only talk about and never do. *Underground* is more than just the realization of the sensational fantasy on film, however. It works not only as gimmick but also in terms of great character and story development. A blow job on the subway is hard enough to pull off but Peter de Rome has captured the entire encounter as it would actually happen between two real human beings with real nervousness, horniness, and sensitivity pent up inside of them. It is great theatre and worth the entire show.

The last film, *Prometheus*, I must admit is beyond my grasp but it felt right. Perhaps it was the modern camera style that doesn't fit with the classic story as told by De Rome, I don't know. Something didn't fit and maybe it was me. Robert Rikas makes a wonderful masochistic *Prometheus* and seemed to understand the role as De Rome plotted it. You may like watching what is done to him.

—DAVID MINTON

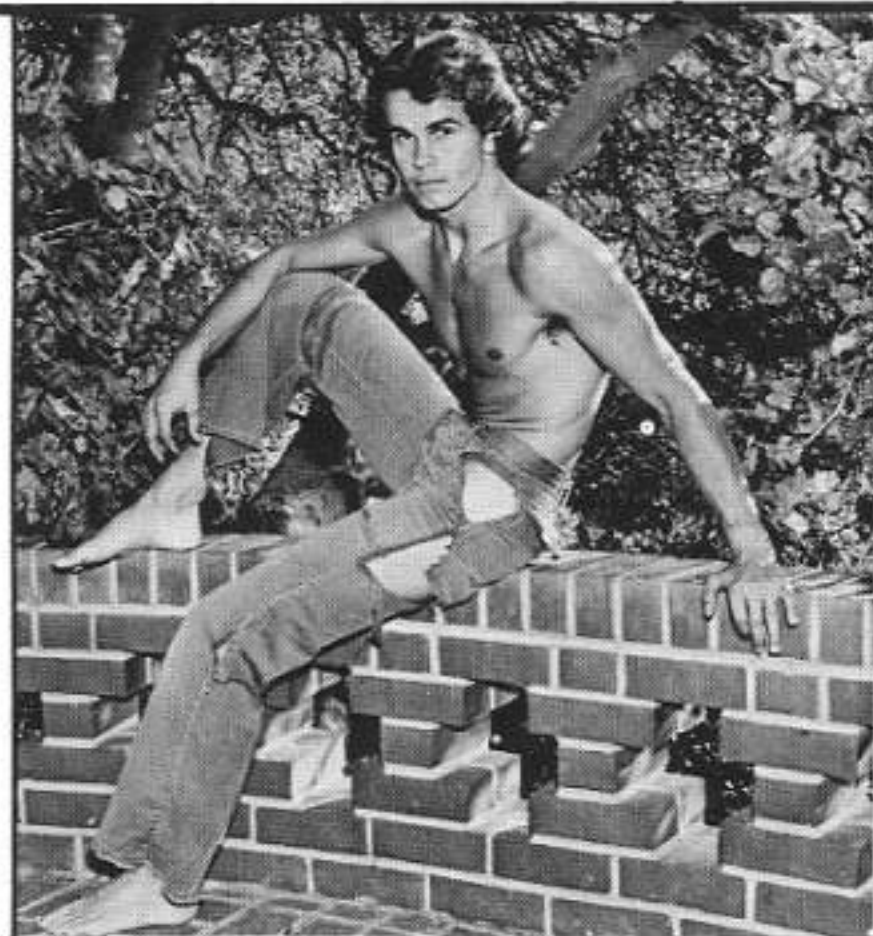
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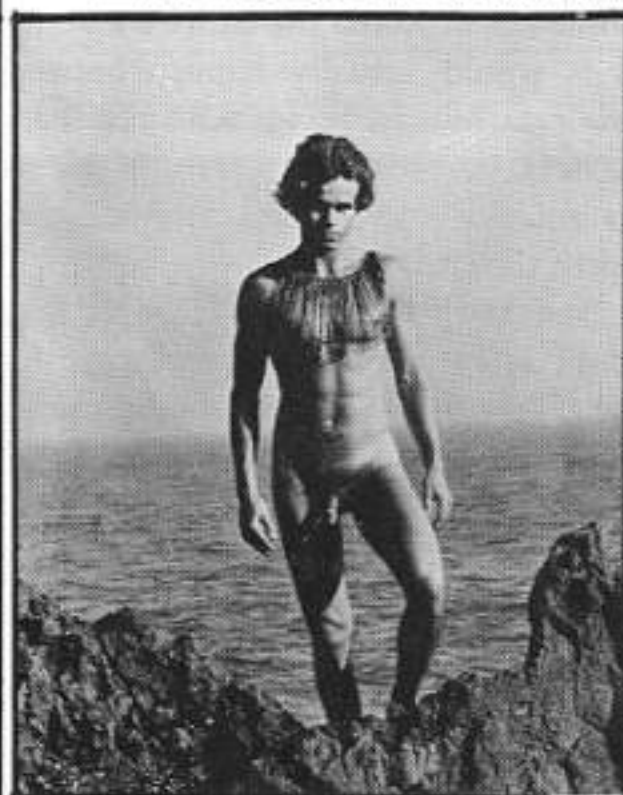
IN TOUCH Portrait

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Our third IN TOUCH PORTRAIT must be seen to be believed. It's one of those instances where the camera turns on the model, the model turns on the photographer, and the results turn on the viewer. Todd was such a fantastic fashion model (See IN TOUCH 1-4) that we felt that we had to do more work with him. Portrait 3 features the results and he's even more impressive out of the clothes. As with our previous Portraits of Steve and Chuck, this publication contains over 40 photos of Todd—mostly nudes—as seen through the cameras of two of IN TOUCH's contributing photographers. Send to IN TOUCH; Attn: PORTRAIT.

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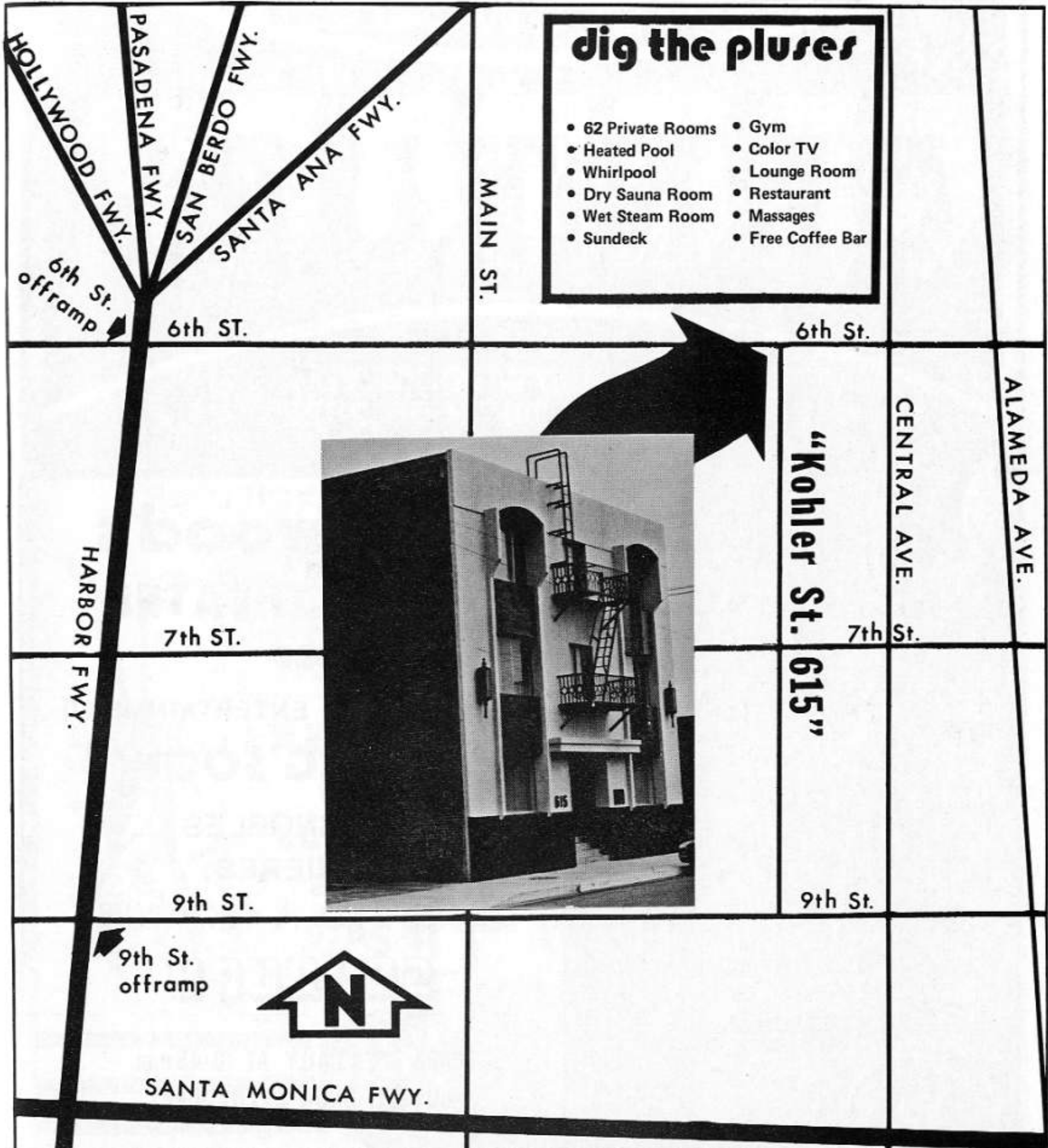


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